
Fall/Winter 2008/09
TASCHEN
— Olga and the Oligarch:
Catherine Millet
on Bettina Rheims'
The Book of Olga
— Swede Sensation:
The Ingmar Bergman
Archives unveiled
— America Swings:
Richard Prince speaks to
Naomi Harris
— An offer you can't refuse:
on the set and behind the scenes
of Coppola's Godfather-trilogy



"TASCHEN pioneered the concept of very expensive, very grand collectors' editions. Yes, the prices are staggering, but in creating these rarefied works, TASCHEN elevates photography books to a new status and desirability."

—PHOTO DISTRICT NEWS, ***New York***

Big, bold, bright!

1511 a.d.

Alas, we cannot take credit for inventing the folio book, or as we like to call it, the XXL book (commonly referred to as the SUMO). But thank the heavens (and Helmut Newton) that we were able to make a modern success story by reintroducing this rare species that has been known among bibliophiles well over 500 years.

This new direction may seem to clash with our roots and our company credo: to democratize "great" books and make them affordable and accessible all over the world at unbeatable prices. Worry not, dear friends—read on for an explanation of how we start out with XXL books and end up with affordable books.



Michelangelo, Libyan Sibyl

1999 a.d.

Since the TASCHEN adventure began in the early 1980s, it has been our goal to make the greatest books in the world. Whatever the subject and whatever the retail price—from a $10 to a $10,000—we strive to produce, design, and package each of our books beautifully, with a great deal of care and attention to detail. The collectors who buy an XXL limited edition book early on will have, in addition to a rare and exceptional book, the added benefit of seeing their asset appreciate; our XXL books have been known to have their value tripled, quadrupled, or even quintupled and even more within a short lapse of time. A few examples: **Helmut Newton**'s SUMO, whose market value went from $1,500 in 1999 to $12,500 today, **Peter Beard** which went from $1,800 up to $6,000 within two years, and **Jeff Koons** which shot up from $1,000 to $4,000 within a few months.

Helmut Newton, SUMO

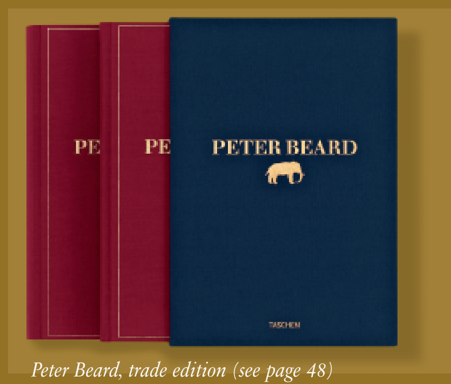
Small, smart, smashing!

While the production of these books command a no-limit budget policy, they make their proud owners feel good about their investments and their astute buying policy. They also allow us to let booklovers with less extravagant budgets benefit from the generous and lavish production cost that went into making the XXL book. Once the limited edition is sold out, we offer a smaller, condensed, yet equally well-produced edition with a much gentler price tag. **It's a win-win situation, and we all live happily ever after.**

Peace,

Benedikt Taschen

2008 a.d.



Peter Beard, trade edition *(see page 48)*

Opposite: *From the book* The Ingmar Bergman Archives. *Photo: Louis Huch © Svensk Filmindustri*

"The most exquisite books on the planet." —WALLPAER*, *London*



 “I love it when books from TASCHEN come through the post. Not only are they

“*A&A* was instrumental in putting American architecture on the map.” —*Julius Shulman*

Issue by issue, the complete
Arts & Architecture *from 1945–1954*



***Opposite**: Cover September 1946, designed by Herbert Matter*

ARTS & ARCHITECTURE 1945–1954: THE COMPLETE REPRINT

Ed. John Entenza / Introduction: David Travers / 118 magazines in 10 boxes plus 80-page supplement, format: 25.2 x 32.2 cm (9.9 x 12.7 in.), 6,076 pp.
Limited to 5,000 numbered copies.

€ 500 / $ 700 / £ 400 / ¥ 100,000



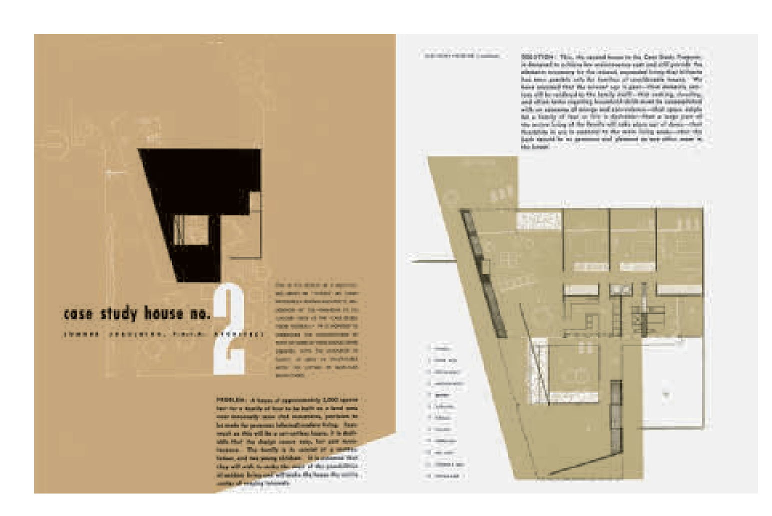
From the end of World War II until the mid-1960s, exciting things were happening in American architecture: emerging talents were focusing on innovative projects that integrated low-cost materials and modern design. This trend was most notably embodied in the famous Case Study House Program, which was championed by the era's leading American journal, *Arts & Architecture*. Focusing not only on architecture but also design, art, music, politics, and social issues, *A&A* was an ambitious and groundbreaking publication, largely thanks to the inspiration of John Entenza, who ran the magazine for over two decades until David Travers became publisher in 1962. The era's greatest architects were featured in *A&A*, including Neutra, Schindler, Saarinen, Ellwood, Lautner, Eames, and Koenig; and two of today's most wildly successful architects, Frank Gehry and Richard Meier, had their debuts in its pages. *A&A* was instrumental in putting American architecture—and in particular California Modernism—on the map. Other key contributors to the magazine include photographers Julius Shulman and Ezra Stoller, writers Esther McCoy and Peter Yates, and cover designers Herbert Matter and Alvin Lustig, among many luminaries of modernism. This collection comes with ten boxes, each containing a complete year's worth of *Arts & Architecture* magazines from 1945–1954. That's 6,076 pages in 118 issues reproduced in their entirety—beginning with Entenza's January 1945 announcement of the Case Study House Program. Also included is a supplement booklet with an original essay by former *A&A* publisher David Travers, available in English, German, French, and Spanish. *Arts & Architecture* 1945–54 will be followed in autumn 2009 by a second set, 1955–1967, bringing together all the existing issues of the modern era.

This new TASCHEN publication, limited to 5,000 numbered copies, provides a comprehensive record of mid-century American architecture and brings the legendary *Arts & Architecture* back to life after forty years.

The author: **David F. Travers** is the former editor and publisher of *Arts & Architecture*, which he ran from 1963 until 1967. He was a consultant for architects, including The Architects Collaborative, William Pereira, Charles and Ray Eames, and Daniel Mann Johnson & Mendenhall. He was also a founding member of Action for a Better Los Angeles, and served as president of the Architectural Guild at the University of Southern California. He lives in Santa Monica.

The Complete *Arts & Architecture* 1945–1954

Introduction by David Travers





Welcome to *Arts & Architecture*. In the case of some, maybe, welcome back. It's a wonderful thing that TASCHEN is doing—reprinting first *Domus* magazine and now, in two installments, *Arts & Architecture*. My first thought when approached was that the project was impossibly retro. TASCHEN had already done a physically immense reproduction of *Arts & Architecture*'s Case Study House Program. That seemed to me to be sufficient. After all, the magazine was best known, almost exclusively so, for this 20-year-long program sponsoring new ideas in residential design.

But *A&A* was more than that. It is difficult, maybe impossible, to understand a time that is not your own, to feel the excitement of the 1940s, '50s and '60s if you were not a part of them. The World War II years and the post-war period in the United States were an energetic mix of culture and politics, and *A&A* was at the leading edge in architecture, art, music—even in the larger issues of segregation in housing and education and other manifestations of racial bias, before they became codified as civil rights.

Arts & Architecture acted like sunshine on West Coast architects, who grew and flourished under its rays

The magazine was hopeful about life; it had a sense of mission. Editor John Entenza's moral seriousness—leavened by his wry humor—infused the magazine. In his "Notes in Passing" editorials, his support of our Soviet allies, his attacks on the prejudice behind the Zoot Suit Riots of 1943, his life-long support of the UN, gave *A&A* social significance beyond architecture. (My editorials tended to be sermons, dealing with architectural sins and sinners.) Polymath Peter Yates wrote with intellectual depth and fervor on anything from the music of Cage, Ives and Guston to Mayan art to the social issues which continue to afflict us today. He once wrote an epigraph for the time, for all time, "Let's begin with man, with respect, compassion and love for the individual, or we'll never get anywhere." Leaf through the issues of 1940s and 1950s and, I blush to say, the 1960s; the content was imaginative, new and exciting.
First and above all, however, *Arts & Architecture* acted like sunshine on West Coast architects, who grew and flourished under its rays: Richard Neutra, R.M. Schindler, Harwell Harris, Gregory Ain, Charles Eames,



 “***Arts & Architecture*** **was always a pleasure to open, exciting and fresh,**

"It was the policy of A&A to present projects without any accompanying critical analysis."

***Opposite top**: Plans for two Case Study Houses from the April and June 1945 issues. **Below**: Woodworker George Nakashima, featured with his new creations, January 1950 and an article on James Prestini's wood design, August 1948.*





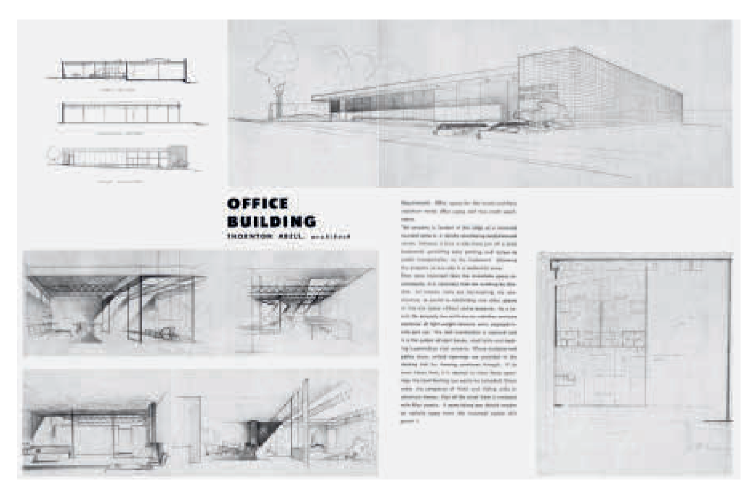
Lloyd Wright, John Lautner, Ed Killingsworth, the carpenters in steel—Raphael Soriano, Craig Ellwood, Pierre Koenig—and in the north Campbell & Wong, William Wurster. The list must end but seems endless. The magazine's Los Angeles headquarters at 3305 Wilshire Boulevard became the center for Southern California architects with a common cause, whose modest, low-cost, modern and remarkably efficient designs laid the foundation of the Case Study House program and reinvented the single family dwelling. Although aware of it, the East Coast professional and trade press—*Progressive Architecture*, *Architectural Record*, *Architectural Forum*, *AIA Journal*, *House & Garden*—had largely ignored the West Coast revolution in residential design until the 1950s. The "sing fam dwell" didn't interest them or their advertisers much. But the eastern magazines, just as we did, had exchange subscriptions with 30 or so architectural journals around the world and when they—particularly the European journals—began to pick up the CSH projects and then other projects designed by the program's architects and other local designers, the East Coast press could no longer treat them as an inconsiderable regional anomaly. Publication in *Arts & Architecture* became a door to national and international renown for West Coast architects. Reyner Banham said *A&A* changed the itinerary of the Grand Tour pilgrimage for European architects and students: America replaced Italy and Los Angeles was its Florence. To step back to the beginning, *California Arts & Architecture* was formed in 1929 by a merger of Pacific Coast Architect, established 1911, and *California Southland*, established 1918. Architecturally it was devoted to eclectic residential design—Tudor, Spanish Colonial, Mediterranean, Georgian, California amorphous. It preferred classic style in larger projects, and now and then Art Deco (such as the Richfield Building and Bullocks Wilshire, both in Los Angeles). In 1930 it was a substantial magazine. Issues ran from 70 to 80 pages with lots of advertising. The editor was then Harris Allen, AIA, and there were familiar names among its contributors and advisors—Roland Coates, Sumner Spaulding, Ralph Flewelling, Wallace Neff. By 1933 the Great Depression had starved it down to 30 pages and subsequently into bankruptcy, where John Entenza found it in 1938. Modern had yet to touch the magazine.

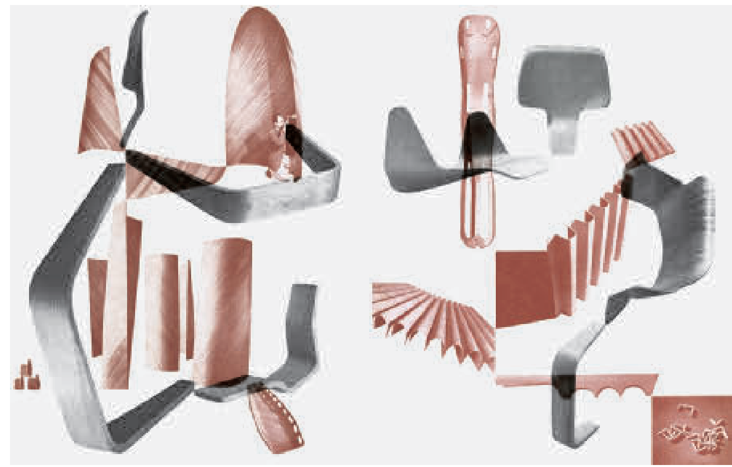
Under Entenza's editorship, *California Arts & Architecture* changed from a review of "nostalgic historicism" present-

up-to-date, and inclusive; therefore very influential." —CESAR PELLI

Ten years, ten boxes, 118 issues, 6,076 pages!

The seminal architecture journal resurrected in facsimile





ing eclectic houses for the rich and famous to an avant-garde magazine publishing low cost houses rich with social concern. Entenza had an extraordinary eye for creativity which was itself creative. In the January 1943 issue, the presentation of the Harris House by R.M. Schindler, which cost $3,000, was a wonderful harbinger of things to come.

Publication in *Arts & Architecture* became a door to national and international renown for West Coast architects

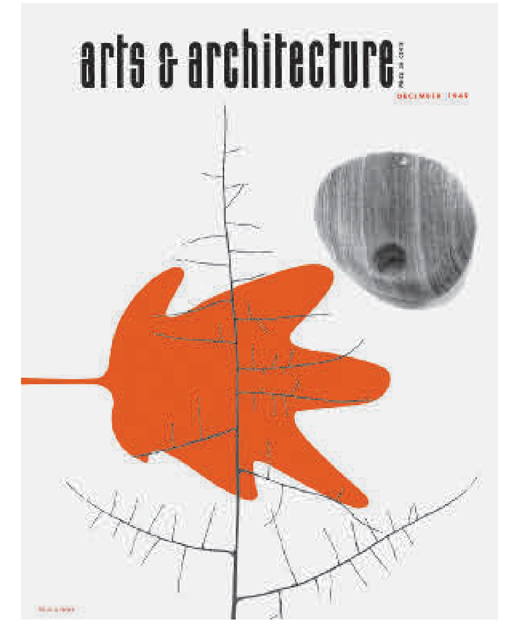
There is some confusion and a bit of mythology about the Case Study House Program. The magazine said in its CSH announcement in the January 1945 issue that it would be the client for the houses constructed in the program, and it never explicitly abandoned that public posture. In practice, however, John Entenza—thus the magazine—was the actual client in a financial sense only for his own house (CSH #9) on Chautauqua in the Pacific Palisades designed by Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen and published in the July 1950 issue. Several early CSH projects went unbuilt because there were no clients and John Entenza either didn't have the money or didn't want to spend it. Banks didn't yet loan on flat-roofed modern houses. Somehow the myth arose that John was making a killing in real estate out of the program, which is ridiculous, perhaps originating from a disappointed architect. Early designs had to await the architect finding a client. This became the pattern. The architect would bring a client and a design and, if deemed worthy, the project would be included in the program. Materials weren't donated as some have reported; rather manufacturers and suppliers would provide top of the line materials and equipment at bottom tier prices.
In the same economic vein, the magazine did not pay for its photographs. The photographers—Marvin Rand, Balthazar Korab, Ezra Stoller, Morley Baer and the legions of others—were paid by the architects who were submitting their work for publication. Even Julius Shulman and one or two others listed from time to time on the masthead were not paid staff members. It wasn't parsimony so much as frugality.

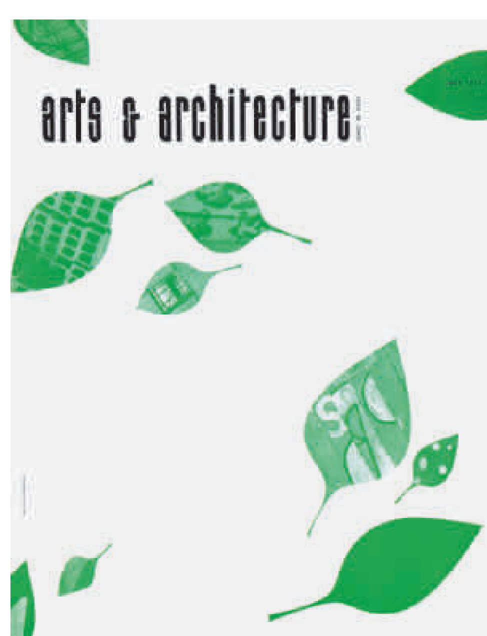
__Above:__ A presentation of the plans for an office building by Thornton Abell, January 1949 and a feature on Charles Eames' molded plywood furniture, September 1946. __Right:__ Cover December 1949, designed by Follis and Pefly, and July 1953, designed by Raoul Rodriguez. __Opposite:__ Cover June 1952, designed by Ruth Lanier – Imogen Cunningham

Not much more need be written about the Case Study House Program of *Arts & Architecture*. It has been documented by Esther McCoy wonderfully in *Modern California Houses: Case Study Houses*, 1945–1962 (Reinhold, 1962; reissued as *Case Study Houses 1945–1962* by Hennessey & Ingalls, 1977) and fully and beautifully in recent books from TASCHEN (with magnificent color photographs by Julius Shulman that *A&A* couldn't afford to print) and M.I.T. Press.

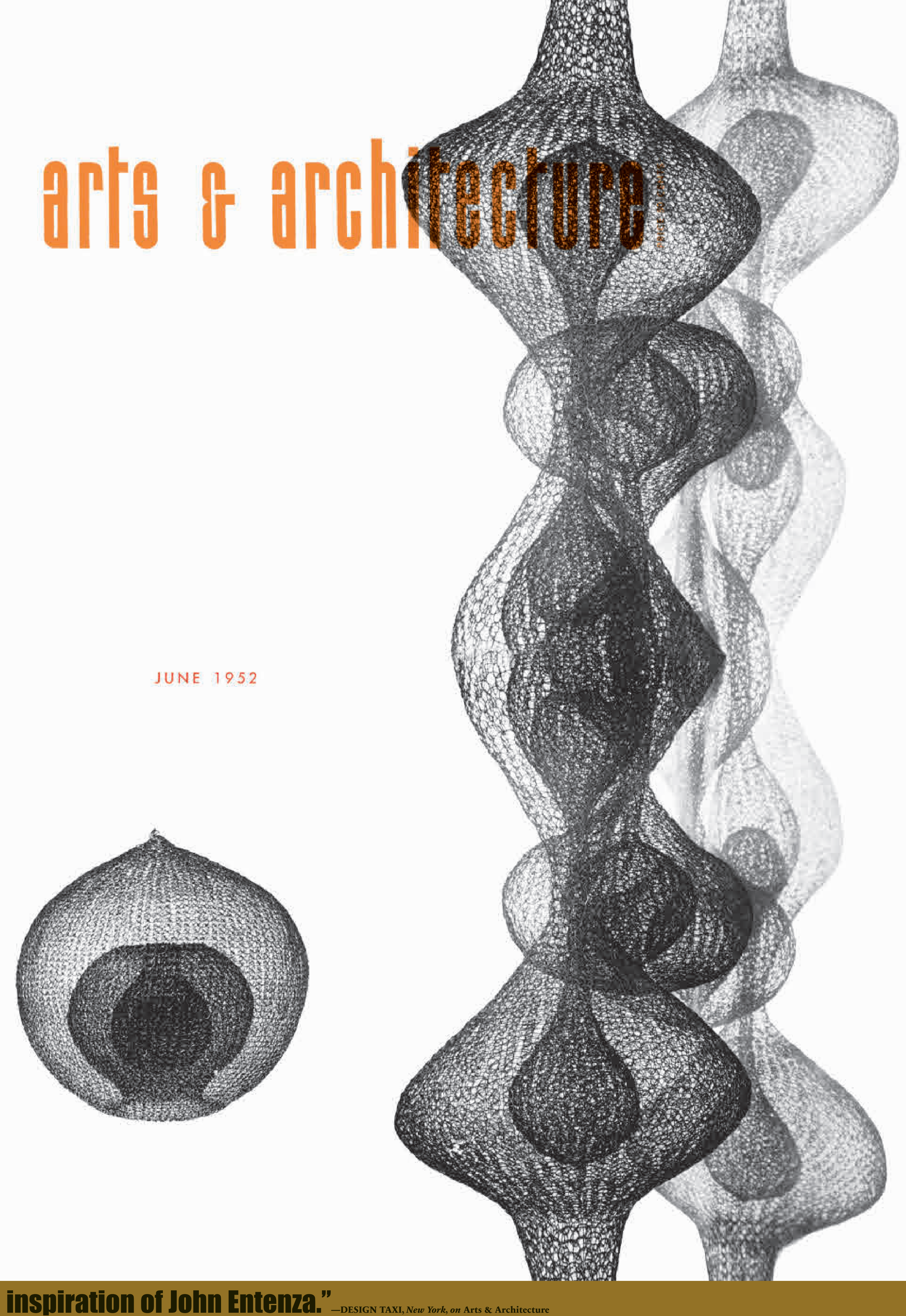
A&A's covers and layout were touched by Dada during the 1940s and 1950s—graphic designer Herbert Matter had more in common with Kurt Schwitters than the double t's in his name. But there was no Dada or Surrealism in its content. The avowed purpose was to present good, contemporary design to the magazine's largely lay audience and nudge its professional and architectural student subscribers into a truer path. The results were remarkable and *A&A*'s readers, who held architecture and art close to their hearts, would curl up with a cup of hot chocolate for an hour or so to read the latest issue of the magazine.

It was the policy of *A&A* to present projects without any accompanying critical analysis. The buildings were allowed to speak for themselves and any explanatory text was limited to a brief statement, usually based on a description of the program and the structure supplied by the architect. The reasons behind the policy were simple enough and did not include fear of offending an advertiser or architect, as has been suggested from time to time. To be selected for presentation, a project had to be one of exceptional merit and interest. Not free of faults, but the good qualities had to heavily outweigh any bad ones. Where the reverse was true, we did not publish the building. It was dismissed rather than criticized.





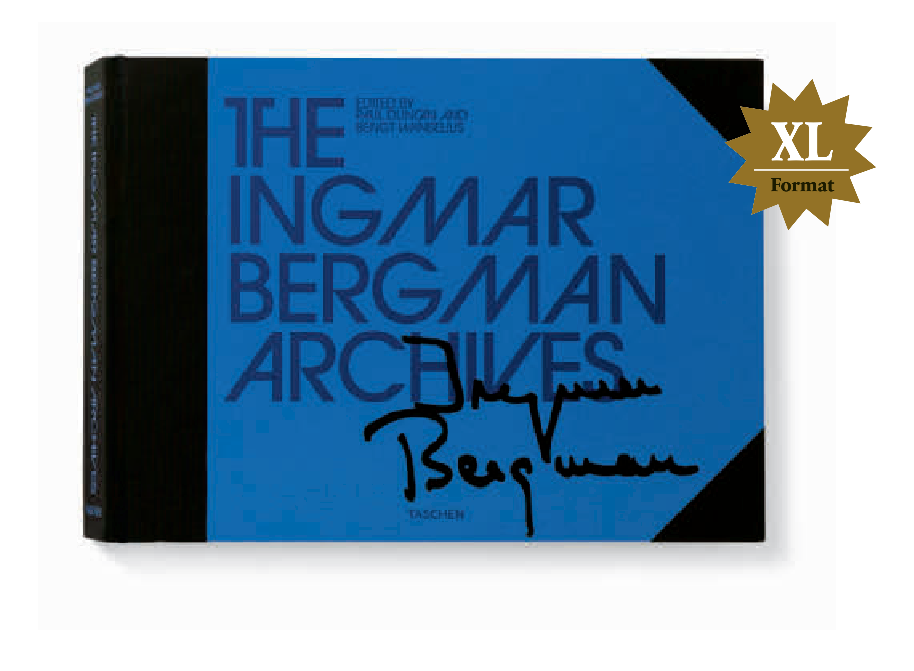
"An ambitious and groundbreaking publication, largely thanks to the



inspiration of John Entenza." —DESIGN TAXI, *New York, on* Arts & Architecture

Swede sensation

An in-depth exploration of Bergman's complete works

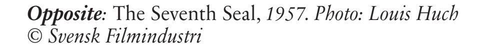




THE INGMAR BERGMAN ARCHIVES

Eds. Paul Duncan, Bengt Wanselius / Introduction: Erland Josephson / Contributing authors: Ulla Åberg, Peter Cowie, Bengt Forslund, Birgitta Steene / Hardcover, including DVD and an original film strip of *Fanny and Alexander*, format: 41.1 x 30 cm (16.2 x 11.8 in.), 592 pp.

€ 150 / $ 200 / £ 120 / ¥ 30,000

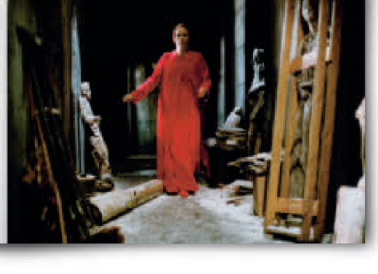


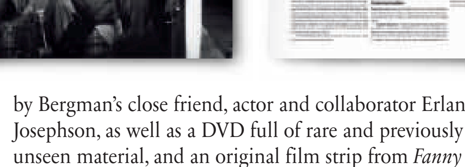
Opposite: The Seventh Seal, *1957. Photo: Louis Huch © Svensk Filmindustri*











Since 1957, when he released *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries*, Ingmar Bergman has been one of the leading figures in international cinema. In a career that spanned 60 years, he wrote, produced, and directed 50 films that defined how we see ourselves and how we interact with the people we love, in films like *Persona*, *Scenes from a Marriage*, and *Fanny and Alexander*.

Before his death in 2007, Bergman gave TASCHEN and the Swedish publishing house Max Ström complete access to his archives at The Bergman Foundation, and permission to reprint his writings and interviews, many of which have never been seen outside of Sweden. Picture researcher Bengt Wanselius, who was Bergman's photographer for 20 years, scoured photo archives all over Sweden, discovered previously unseen images from Bergman's films, and selected unpublished images from the personal archives of many photographers. Text editor Paul Duncan gathered a team of Bergman experts as contributing editors—Peter Cowie and Bengt Forslund (for film/TV), and Ulla Åberg & Birgitta Steene (for theater)—who have researched and written a narrative that, for the first time, will combine all of Bergman's working life in film and theater. Such is the depth of Bergman's writings that most of the story is told in his own words. This book also features a new introduction by Bergman's close friend, actor and collaborator Erland Josephson, as well as a DVD full of rare and previously unseen material, and an original film strip from *Fanny and Alexander*.

The publishers have been given complete access to the files and archives of the Swedish Film Institute, Svensk Filmindustri, Sveriges Television, and the Royal Dramatic Theater, as well as many other institutions, publishers, and newspapers, making this not only the most complete book ever published on Ingmar Bergman, but also about an individual director.

Special bonuses

- **an original film strip from a copy of *Fanny and Alexander*** (1982) that has been played on Bergman's own film projector.
- **a DVD containing over 110 minutes of new and rare documentary footage:** Bergman's *On Set Home Movies* (18 mins, with commentary by Marie Nyreröd); Behind the scenes of *Autumn Sonata* (20 mins); *An Image Maker* (32 mins), behind the scenes of *The Image Makers* by Bengt Wanselius; and *A Video Diary of Saraband* (44 mins), assistant director Torbjörn Ehrnvall's video diary from Bergman's last film, in which Bergman talks about his life and work.

The editors: **Paul Duncan** has edited 40 film books for TASCHEN, and authored *Alfred Hitchcock* and *Stanley Kubrick* in the Film Series.
Bengt Wanselius was a freelance photojournalist for every major magazine and publishing house in Scandinavia from 1967 to 1985. He spent 15 years as the house photographer at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm, recording the work of internationally well-known theater directors such as Arthur Miller, Andrzej Wajda, Robert Lepage, and Ingmar Bergman. His long collaboration on 20 productions with Bergman ranged from theater and opera to television, creating a unique photographic documentary of Bergman's works.

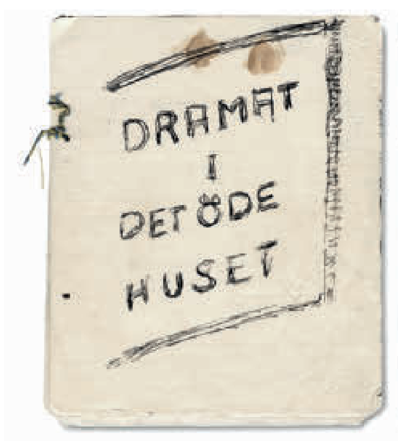
The contributing author: **Erland Josephson** is a writer, playwright, actor, and director. He worked with Ingmar Bergman for seventy years. He has also collaborated with a number of other internationally renowned film directors, including Andrei Tarkovsky, Theo Angelopoulos, Liliana Cavani, and István Szabó.
Other contributing authors: **Ulla Åberg, Peter Cowie, Bengt Forlund, Birgitta Steene**



philosophy that their excellent reputation owes itself to the artists they feature." —PICTURE, *New York*

Each film is my last

Excerpt from the essay by Ingmar Bergman









Experience should be gained before one reaches 40, a wise man said. After 40 it is permissible to comment. The reverse might apply in my case—no one was more certain of his theories and none more willing to elucidate them than I was. No one knew better or could visualize more. Now that I am somewhat older I have become rather more cautious. The experience I have gained and that I am now sorting out is of such a kind that I am unwilling to express myself on the art of the filmmaker ... The only real contribution the artist can make is his work. Thus I find it rather unseemly to get involved in discussion, even with explanations or excuses.
In earlier times, the fact that the artist remained unknown was a good thing. His relative anonymity was a guarantee against irrelevant outside influences, material considerations, and the prostitution of his talents.
In life today, the artist has become a curious figure, a kind of performer or athlete who chases from job to job. His isolation, his now almost holy individualism, his artistic subjectivity can all too easily cause ulcers and neurosis. Exclusiveness becomes a curse he eulogizes. The unusual is both his pain and his satisfaction ...

The vital thing is the dialogue, but dialogue is a sensitive matter that can offer resistance

The making of the script often begins with something very hazy and indefinite—a chance remark or a quick change of phrase, a dim but pleasant event that is not specifically related to the actual situation. It has happened in my theatrical work that I have visualized performers in fresh makeup but in yet-unplayed roles. All in all, split-second impressions that disappear as quickly as they come, forming a brightly colored thread sticking out of the dark sack of the unconscious. If I wind up this thread carefully a complete film will emerge, brought out with pulsebeats and rhythms characteristic of just that film. Through these rhythms the picture sequences take on patterns according to the way they were born and mastered by the motive.
The feeling of failure occurs mostly before the writing begins. The dreams turn into cobwebs; the visions fade and become gray and insignificant; the pulsebeat is silent; everything shrinks into tired fancies without strength and reality. But I have decided to make a certain film and the hard work must begin: to transfer rhythms, moods, atmosphere, tensions, sequences, tones, and scents into a readable or at least understandable script. This is difficult but not impossible.
The vital thing is the dialogue, but dialogue is a sensitive matter that can offer resistance. The written dialogue of the theater is like a score that is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary person; interpretation demands a technical knack and a certain amount of imagination and feeling. One can write dialogue, but how it should be handled, the rhythms and the tempo, the speed at which it is to be taken, and what is to take place between the lines—all that must be left out, because a script containing so much detail would be unreadable.
I can squeeze directions and locations, characterizations and atmosphere, into my film scripts in understandable terms, but then I come to essentials, by which I mean montage, rhythm, and the relation of one picture to the other—the vital "third dimension" without which the film is merely dead, a factory product. Here I cannot use "keys" or show an adequate indication of the tempos of the complexes involved; it is impossible to give a comprehensible idea of what puts life into a work of art. I have often sought a kind of notation that would give me a chance of recording the shade and tones of the ideas and the inner structure of the picture. If I could express myself thus clearly, I could work with the absolute certainty that whenever I liked, I could prove the relationship between the rhythm and the continuity of the part and the whole ... Let us state once and for all that the film script is a very imperfect technical basis for a film.



***Above**: Around the mid-1930s, Ingmar Bergman and photographer Rolf Åhgren made the film script* Drama in the Deserted House. ***Left**:* Summer with Monika, *1953.*
***Opposite**:* Summer Interlude, *1951.*
All photos: Louis Huch © Svensk Filmindustri

 "All that matters to me is to influence people, get into contact with them,

"No other art-medium—neither painting nor poetry—can communicate the specific quality of the dream as well as the film can. And manufacturing dreams, that's a juicy business."

Film is not the same thing as literature. As often as not the character and substance of the two art forms are in conflict. What it really depends on is hard to define, but it probably has to do with the self-responsive process. The written word is read and assimilated by a conscious act and in connection with the intellect, and little by little it plays on the imagination or feelings. It is completely different with the motion picture. When we see a film in a cinema we are conscious that an illusion has been prepared for us and we relax and accept it with our will and intellect. We prepare the way into our imagination. The sequence of pictures plays directly on our feelings without touching the mind.

Let us state once and for all that the film script is a very imperfect technical basis for a film

There are many reasons why we ought to avoid filming existing literature, but the most important is that the irrational dimension, which is the heart of a literary work, is often untranslatable, and that in its turn kills the special dimension of the film. If despite this we wish to translate something literary into filmic terms, we are obliged to make an infinite number of complicated transformations that most often give limited or nonexistent results in relation to the efforts expended. I know what I am talking about because I have been subjected to so-called literary judgment. This is about as intelligent as letting a music critic judge an exhibition of paintings or a football reporter criticize a new play. The only reason for everyone believing himself capable of pronouncing a valid judgment on motion pictures is the inability of the film to assert itself as an art form, its need of a definite artistic vocabulary, its extreme youth in relation to the other arts, its obvious ties with economic realities, its direct appeal to the feelings. All this causes film to be regarded with disdain. Its directness of expression makes it suspect in certain eyes, and as a result anyone and everyone thinks he's competent to say anything he likes, in whatever way he likes, about film art.

I myself have never had ambitions to be an author. I do not wish to write novels, short stories, essays, biographies, or treatises on special subjects. I certainly do not want to write pieces for the theater. Filmmaking is what interests me. I want to make films about conditions, tensions, pictures, rhythms, and characters within me that in one way or another interest me. The motion picture and its complicated process of birth are my methods of saying what I want to my fellow men. I find it humiliating for work to be judged as a book when it is a film. Consequently the writing of the script is a difficult period, but useful, as it compels me to prove logically the validity of my ideas. While this is taking place I am caught in a difficult conflict between my need to find a way of filming a complicated situation and my desire for complete simplicity. As I do not intend my work to be solely for my own edification or for the few, but for the public in general, the demands of the public are imperative. Sometimes I try an adventurous alternative that shows that the public can appreciate the most advanced and complicated developments.



drive a wedge into people's indifference or passivity." —INGMAR BERGMAN

Self-analysis of a filmmaker

Excerpt from the essay by Ingmar Bergman



Filmmaking is a part of me. It is a driving force like hunger and thirst. Some people express themselves by writing books, painting pictures, climbing mountains, beating their children, or dancing the samba. I express myself by making films.

The great Jean Cocteau has written in *The Blood of a Poet* about his alter ego staggering along a nightmarish hotel corridor, where behind all the different doors lie what has made him what he is. Without having the unique qualities of Cocteau, I am going to attempt to convey you to the workshop where I make my films. I must apologize if the visit does not come up to expectations. The workshop is at present quite a mess as the owner is too busy to keep it tidy. Moreover, the lighting is pretty bad in certain places, and some rooms we will not enter at all—these have PRIVATE in large letters on the doors—and your guide is rather unsure as he does not know what will be of interest to you.

However, let us take a look behind some of the doors. This does not mean that we will find what we are looking for, but the search may possibly provide some odd pieces for that peculiar jigsaw puzzle of filmmaking.

When I was 10 years old I received my first rattling film projector, with its chimney and lamp, and a band of film that went round and round and round

A motion picture is a perforated length of film made up of a number of still photographs, small and rectangular in shape—there are 52 of them to each meter of film—each separated from its neighbor by a thick black line. At first sight these photographs seem the same, but if examined closely slight differences can be detected; when they are projected successively on a screen, usually at the rate of 24 a second, the illusion of movement can be created. While each of these photographs is moving into position for projection a mask moves over the lens of the projector and the screen is black until the next picture is projected.

When I was 10 years old I received my first rattling film projector, with its chimney and lamp, and a band of film that went round and round and round. I found it both mystifying and fascinating. Even today I remind myself with childish excitement that I am really a conjurer, as cinematography is based on deception of the human eye, which because of the rapid movement is incapable of separating rather similar pictures.

I have worked it out that if I see a film that has a running time of one hour, I sit through 27 minutes of complete darkness. When I show a film I am guilty of deceit. I am using an apparatus that is constructed to take advantage of a certain human weakness, an apparatus with which I can sway my audience in a highly emotional manner—to laugh, scream with fright, smile, believe in fairy stories, become indignant, be shocked, be charmed, be carried away, or perhaps yawn with boredom. Thus I am either an imposter or, in the case where the audience is willing to be taken in, a conjurer. I perform conjuring tricks with a conjuring apparatus so expensive and so wonderful that any performer in history would have given anything to own or to make use of it.



This involves—or ought to involve—a serious moral problem for those who work in the film industry. I do not propose to go into the misuse of the cinema by commercial interests, though it would be of interest if a scientist could one day invent an instrument that could measure how much talent, initiative, genius, and creative ability have been destroyed by the industry in its ruthless, efficient sausage machine. At the same time it ought to be recognized that the rough must be taken with the smooth, and there is no reason why film work should be an exception. Its brutality is unmasked, but that can be an advantage.

The tightrope, which the ambitious filmmaker is obliged to walk, is like that of a circus without a net. For the tightrope walker and the filmmaker are subject to the same inevitable risk: They can fall down and break their necks. Now somebody will say that surely this is an exaggeration. There cannot be such a danger in making a film. I say there is just that danger. It is true, as I pointed out, that one must be a conjurer. But no one conjures the producer, the bank director, the cinema owners, or the critics when the public refuses to go to see a film and lay down its hard-earned money, by which the producer, the bank director, the cinema owners, the critics, and the conjurer will live.

The tightrope, which the ambitious filmmaker is obliged to walk, is like that of a circus without a net

I have a recent and extraordinarily painful example of how I myself was dangerously poised on the tightrope. An extremely adventurous producer had put up the money for one of my films, and after a year of frantic activity was born *Sawdust and Tinsel*.

Criticism was generally unfavorable. The public stayed away, the producer reckoned up his losses, and I expected to have to wait 10 years for my next experiment in the medium. If I were to make a further two or three films that involved financial losses, the producer would rightly consider that he could not dare to put his money on my talent.

I would suddenly find myself a suspicious character, a spendthrift, and I would get plenty of time to think about the actual employment of my so-called artistic talent. The conjurer would be deprived of his magic wand.

When I was younger I did not know this fear. Work was a fascinating game and, whether the result was profitable or not, I was as happy as a sandboy. The tightrope walker danced on his rope, unaware of the void and the hard ground beneath him.

The game has become a bitter struggle. The tightrope-walking act is now performed with eyes open, and the rope is attached to fear and uncertainty. Each performance totally exhausts one's entire strength. Creation is an urgent necessity, just as much for mental as for financial reasons. Failure, criticism, indifference of the public hurt more today than yesterday. The wounds are deep and lasting.

Jean Anouilh used to play a little game to put off the fear he felt when beginning a new work. He used to think like this: "My father is a good tailor. He feels real satisfaction in the work of his hands—a pair of practical trousers or an elegant coat. The joy and satisfaction of a good artisan. The pride of a skilled workman who knows his craft."

My own feeling is similar. I recognize the game and very often play it: My films involve good craftsmanship. I am conscientious, industrious, and extremely careful. I do my work for everyday purposes and not for eternity; and my pride is the pride of a good craftsman.

Yet I know that what I tell myself is self-deception, and an incessant anxiety calls out to me: "What have you done that will endure? Is there a single meter in any one of your films that will mean something for the future, one single line, one single situation that is completely and absolutely real?"

Above left:** Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson and Ingmar Bergman on the set of* Persona*, 1966.* ***Above right:** Ingmar Bergman and Sven Nykvist framing a close-up of Bibi Andersson as Alma in* Persona*, 1966. Photos: Bo A. Vibenius © Svensk Filmindustri* ***Opposite: Summer with Monika*, 1953. Photo: Louis Huch © Svensk Filmindustri*

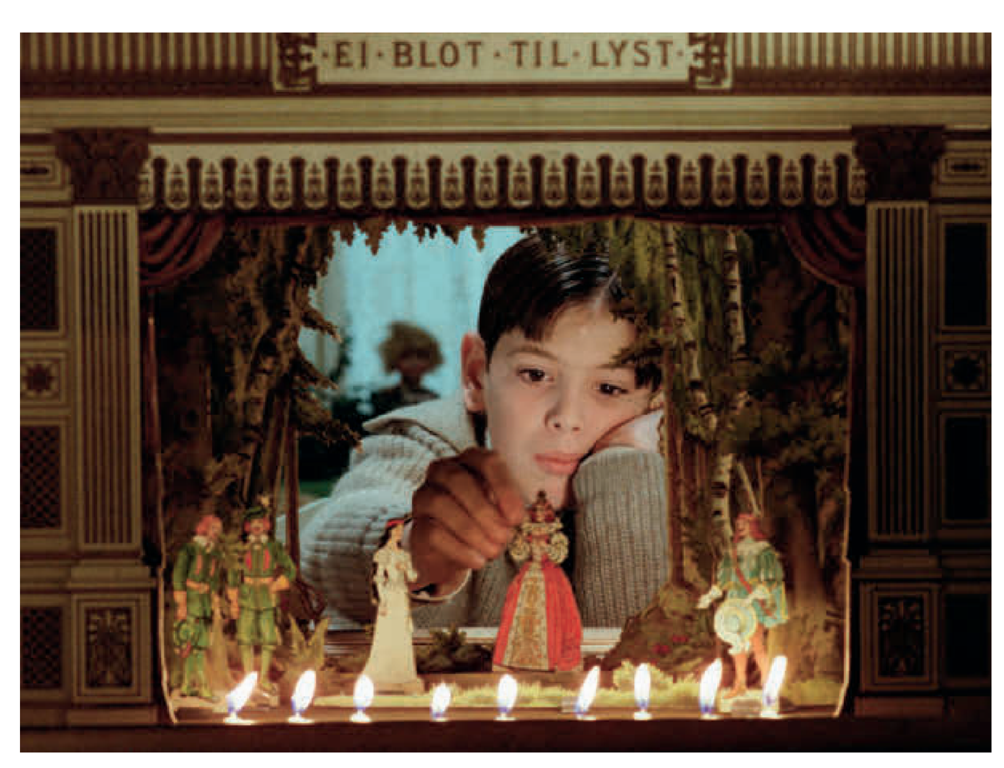
 "Opening this weighty tome is like getting your hands on



cinema's Holy Grail." —METRO, *London, on* The Stanley Kubrick Archives

"It is very difficult to make people laugh, and laugh in the right place."

—Ingmar Bergman



And with the sincere person's deep-rooted inclination to lie I must answer: "I do not know, but I think so."
I regret I have to dwell so long on the dilemma of the filmmaker, but I am attempting to explain why so many of us in this profession are subject to such strains, invisible and impossible to grapple with, that we become afraid and halfhearted, and are so stupefied and worn out that we submit to gray and poisonous compromise.
Now I would like to say a few words about the other horn of the dilemma of the filmmaker, the most important and certainly the most difficult to master—the audience.
The filmmaker uses a medium that involves not only himself but millions of other people, and most likely he has the same desire as other artists: I want to succeed today. I want to be praised now. I want to please, delight, and fascinate people right away.
This desire is half met by the audience, who have one demand on his film: I have paid and I want to be entertained. I want to be carried away, be enthralled, forget my aches and pains, my family, my work. I want to be taken out of myself. I want to be released from my environment.
The filmmaker knows this. As he has to live on the money put down by the audience he is put in a difficult situation. When he makes his film he must pay regard to public reaction all the time. The following questions keep recurring to me personally: Can I express myself more simply, more clearly, and more briefly? Does everyone understand what I am trying to say? Can everyone follow the course of events? And, most important of all, How far do I have to compromise and where does my responsibility to myself begin?
Behind all the experimenting lies the risk that the experiment is beyond the audience. Do not forget that the road away from the public may lead to sterility or to an ivory tower.
It would be desirable if the film producers, as well as the other captains of industry, would set up experimental facilities for the use of the creative artist. However, that is not done. Film producers have provided for the technician only and stupidly convince themselves that the salvation of the industry is purely by technical innovation.

Behind all the experimenting lies the risk that the experiment is beyond the audience

It is not difficult to make the cinemagoer afraid. We can scare the living daylights out of him, as most people have a potential fear under the skin. It is very difficult to make people laugh, and laugh in the right place. It is easy to make a woman imagine that she is worse than she really is and hard to coax her to believe that she is better than she really is. Yet that is what she wants every time she goes into the darkness of the cinema. How often, and by what means, do we satisfy her in this respect?
I can argue in this way even while I know with absolute certainty that it is a dangerous argument. It involves a great risk, to pronounce upon public failures, to call ambition pride and to break through the limits set up by the public and the critics around oneself, limits that I do not recognize and that are not my own, for I am constantly changing. I get a tired desire to adapt myself and make myself the way people want me, but at the same time I know that this would be the end of me and involve complete self-contempt. Therefore I am still glad that I was not born menial-minded.
I have never seen it anywhere that a film director shall be happy and contented and have peace of mind. Nobody has said that one should not break barriers, tilt at windmills, fire rockets to the moon, have visions, play with dynamite, or make mincemeat of oneself. Why shouldn't one frighten the film producers? To be frightened goes with filmmaking, so they will be paid in their own coin.

Filmmaking is not only a problem and dilemma, financial troubles, conflicts of responsibility, and anxiety.
It is also secret games, memories, and dreams. A face strongly and suddenly lighted, a hand held out in a gesture, an open space in the twilight where several old women are sitting on a bench eating apples from a bag. Or a dialogue, two people who suddenly say something in voices that hint at their inner characters, perhaps as they are turning the other way. I cannot see their faces, and yet I am compelled to listen to them, to wait until they come back the next time and repeat the same words with no apparent meaning in them but containing a hidden tension, a tension that I am still unaware of, but that has a treacherous sweetness. The lighted face, the hand held out in a gesture as if pronouncing a spell, the old women in the square, and the few meaningless words are caught like glittering fish in my net—or, more correctly, it is I who have been caught in it.
Quite soon, long before the idea is fully developed, I let my imagination be subjected to a practical test. As if in a game, I put my incomplete and fragile ideas on the test bench where all the technical means of the film studio are represented. This imaginary practical test is a good tempering bath for the idea. Will it work? Has it any merit to make it stand up to the murderous everyday routine of the film studio, so far removed from the airy fantasy that created it?
Some of my films have developed very quickly into the finished product. Those are my adaptable films: difficult to manage, but nevertheless extremely healthy children that can be told right at the beginning, "You will support the family."



 "Film and theatre have a completely legitimate pure entertainment value in that they

Then there are the other films. They develop more slowly, they may take years, they will not let themselves be solved by a mere technical or formal solution, if they are to be solved at all. They linger in the twilight and if I want to get at them, I have to go into this twilight land and seek out the connections, the persons, and the situations. The turned-away faces speak; strange streets, wonderful views become distinguishable through the windowpane; an eye gleams in the dusk and is transformed into a glittering gem that breaks with a glassy tinkling. The open square in the autumn twilight is a sea, the old women become dark, twisted trees and the apples become children playing at building sand castles on the seashore beaten by breakers.
The tension is there still, partly in the written word, partly in the mind, and partly in the latent ideas that are ready to take wings and soar aloft with their own strength. This strength becomes all the more important when the script is ready, for it has to do the physical job of filmmaking.

To divide a tragedy into 500 tiny scenes and play them bit by bit and then join the shots into a single film, that is our task

What does making a film entail? If I were to put that question to my readers I would get quite different answers, but the most likely would be that making a film is the process where the script is turned into pictures. This is saying a great deal, but it is not enough. For me it is dreadfully exacting work, a broken back, tired eyes, the smell of makeup, sweat, arc lights, eternal tension and waiting, a continuous struggle between choice and necessity, vision and reality, ambition and shiftlessness. Early mornings are followed by sleepless nights, an intense lust for life, a sort of fanaticism completely channeled into work, where I finally become a functioning part of the film, an inhuman cog that has as its weakness the need for food and drink.



The strange thing about it is that, while totally absorbed in the work at hand, I often grasp the concept of my next film among the violent working life going on from floor to ceiling throughout the film studio.
If it is believed that this studio work involves some sort of ecstatic frenzy, hysterical excitement, terrible disorganization, this is a mistake. Making a film is an expensive and exacting colossus that demands a clear head, methods, cold calculation, and exact estimates. For this, one must have an even temper and a patience that is not of this world.
The leading lady may have black rings under her eyes—10,000 kronor for reshooting. The tap water sometimes contains too much chlorine and that causes specks on the negatives—reshoot. The callboy for one of the actors turns out to be Death—reshoot with another actor. Costs can go sky high. A thunderstorm and electrical failure—we sit in the dim light and wait, the hours go by and the money with them. Just a few idiotic examples: But they must be idiotic, for the profession is sublimely idiotic.
To attempt to transform dreams into shadows, to divide a tragedy into 500 tiny scenes and play them bit by bit and then join the shots into a single film, that is our task. To produce a 2,500-meter-long tapeworm that sucks life and spirit out of actors, producers, and directors. That is what making a film involves. That and many other things, much more and much worse.

My association with film goes back to the world of childhood. Let us for a moment enter the secret and closed room of memories.
My grandmother had a very large old flat in Uppsala. I had a pinafore with a pocket in the front and sat under the dining table "listening" to the sunshine that came in through the gigantic windows. The sunlight moved about all the time, the bells of the cathedral went ding-dong and the sunlight moved about and "sounded" in a special way. It was a day when winter was giving way to spring and I was five years old. In the next flat the piano was being played, waltzes, nothing but waltzes, and on the wall hung a large picture of Venice. As the sunlight moved across the picture, the water in the canal began to flow, the doves flew up from the square, gesticulating people were engaged in inaudible conversation. The bells were not those of Uppsala Cathedral but came from the very picture itself, as did the piano music. There was something very remarkable about that picture of Venice. Almost as marvelous as the sunlight in Grandmother's drawing room, which was not the usual kind of sunlight but had a special ring about it. But perhaps this was due to the many bells ... or the heavy furniture, which, in my fantasy, conversed in a never-ending whisper.

BONUS

EACH COPY CONTAINS AN ORIGINAL FILM STRIP OF *FANNY AND ALEXANDER* THAT HAS BEEN PLAYED ON BERGMAN'S OWN FILM PROJECTOR



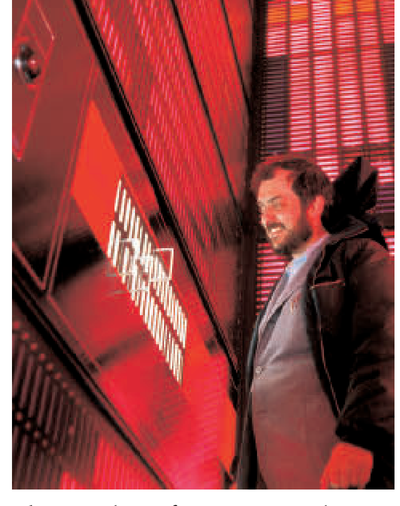
***Opposite top**:* Fanny and Alexander, *1982. In the opening scene, Alexander (Bertil Guve) plays* The Three Musketeers *with his puppet theater, echoing Bergman's youth. "Ej blot til lyst" above the archway is Danish for "Not just for pleasure," giving an indication of Bergman's intent with this film. Photo: Arne Carlsson © Svensk Filmindustri* ***Opposite bottom and left**:* Fanny and Alexander, *1982. Bertil Guve and Pernilla Allwin were both 11 years old when the film was shot. Photo © Jacob Forsell*

make people forget and escape from everyday life for a moment." —INGMAR BERGMAN

"*The Stanley Kubrick Archives* showed up one morning in our offices, where my editor and I circled it like curious apes."

—Time Out, *New York*



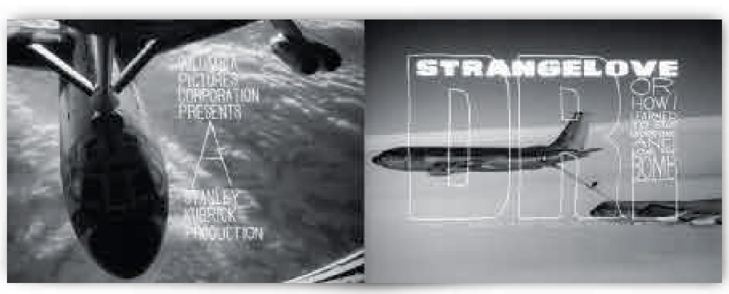


Above: On the set of 2001: A Space Odyssey*: Kubrick inside HAL's logic center.* ***Opposite:*** *On the set of* A Clockwork Orange*: The background for the driving scene was projected onto a screen in the studio.*
Photos © Courtesy of The Stanley Kubrick Estate

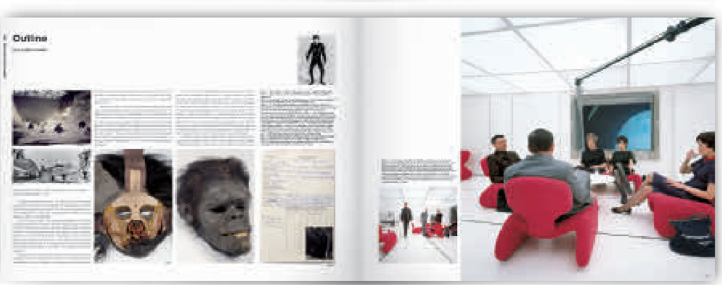
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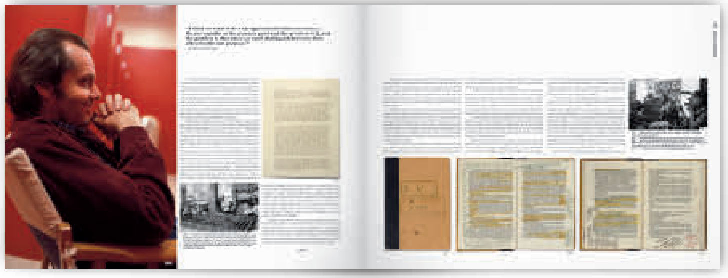
Ed. Alison Castle / Hardcover, format: 32.7 x 24.5 cm (12.9 x 9.6 in.), 544 pp.

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This is the first book to explore Stanley Kubrick's archives and the most comprehensive study of the filmmaker to date. In 1968, when Stanley Kubrick was asked to comment on the metaphysical significance of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, he replied: "It's not a message I ever intended to convey in words. *2001* is a nonverbal experience.… I tried to create a visual experience, one that bypasses verbalized pigeonholing and directly penetrates the subconscious with an emotional and philosophic content." The philosophy behind Part 1 of *The Stanley Kubrick Archives* borrows from this line of thinking: from the opening sequence of *Killer's Kiss* to the final frames of *Eyes Wide Shut*, Kubrick's complete films are presented chronologically and wordlessly via frame enlargements. A completely nonverbal experience.

The second part of the book brings to life the creative process of Kubrick's filmmaking by presenting a remarkable collection of mostly unseen material from his archives, including photographs, props, posters, artwork, set designs, sketches, correspondence, documents, screenplays, drafts, notes, and shooting schedules.

Accompanying the visual material are essays by noted Kubrick scholars, articles written by and about Kubrick, and a selection of Kubrick's best interviews.

Made in cooperation with Jan Harlan, Christiane Kubrick, and the Stanley Kubrick Estate.

The editor: **Alison Castle** received a BA in philosophy from Columbia University and an MA in photography and film from New York University (NYU/International Center of Photography masters program). She is the editor of TASCHEN's *Some Like it Hot* and lives in Paris, home of the world's best cinemas.

 "This magnificent compendium of unhindered Kubrickana is a joy. TASCHEN has



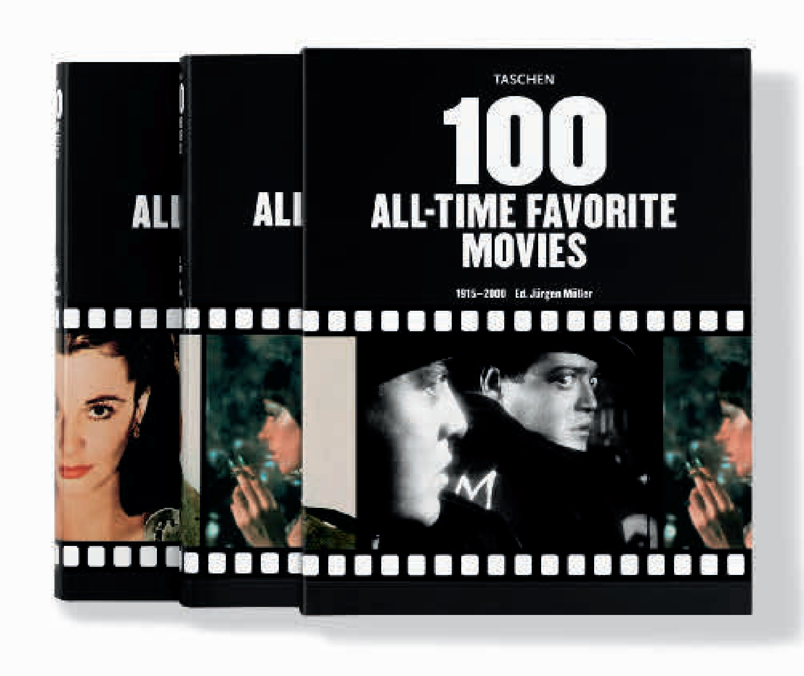
produced what must be the last word on Kubrick." —EMPIRE, *London*



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—The Sunday Post, *Dundee*



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***Opposite:** Liza Minnelli as Sally Bowles in* Cabaret*, 1972*













They say that in life, there are winners and there are losers. Though the movies we selected for this two-volume collection are winners indeed, those that didn't make the cut aren't losers. We just didn't like them quite as much. It was a tough, soul-searching process, but after much debate and deliberation TASCHEN settled on what we believe to be the 100 finest examples of 20th century filmmaking. From horror to romance, noir to slapstick, adventure to tragedy, epic to musical, western to new wave, all genres are represented in this wide-ranging and devilishly fun compendium. *Metropolis*? Check. *Modern Times*? Yep. *Citizen Kane*, *The Seven Samurai*? Of course. *La dolce vita*, *Psycho*, *A Clockwork Orange*? You bet. Plus *The Godfather*, *Annie Hall*, *Blue Velvet*, *Pulp Fiction*… and so many more cinematic gems including lesser-known masterpieces like Buñuel's *The Young and the Damned*. Think of this collection as a celebration of contrasts, an homage to the seventh art, a gathering of greats, and a nostalgic romp through celluloid history.
Chronological entries each include a synopsis, cast/crew listings, technical information, actor/director bios, trivia, and lists of awards, as well as film stills, production photos, and the original poster for each film. The chapter for each decade begins with an introduction exploring the historical and social context of films made in that era.

The editor: **Jürgen Müller** has worked as an art critic, a curator of numerous exhibitions, a visiting professor at various universities, and has published books and numerous articles on cinema and art history. Currently he holds the chair for art history at the University of Dresden, where he lives. Müller is the series editor for TASCHEN's Movies decade titles.

"A fascinating journey into the world of cinema." —COMMEAUCINEMA, *Paris*

The secret life of America's Bible Belt

Swinging sex lives of everyday Americans

"These people are definitely having better sex than the rest of us."
—NAOMI HARRIS



NAOMI HARRIS: AMERICA SWINGS

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No. 1–50: *Viking and his Girlfriend*, Swingstock, Black River Falls, WI, 2003; **see page 23**

No. 51–100: *Broken Leg and Barbecue*, Swingstock, Duxbury, MN, 2004; **see opposite page**

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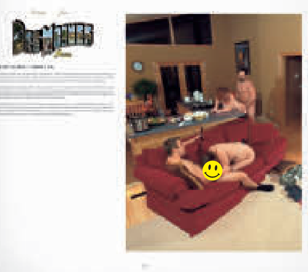
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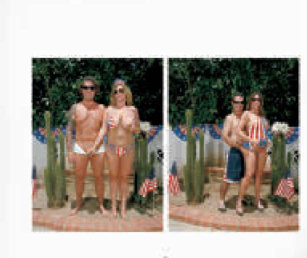


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Opposite: Broken Leg and Barbecue, *Swingstock, Duxbury, MN, 2004*











Richard Prince discovered Naomi Harris in TASCHEN's *The New Erotic Photography* and was so intrigued by her photos of American swingers that he tracked down the 34-year-old New Yorker, determined to make her his protégé. When he discovered TASCHEN had signed her to do *America Swings* he asked to do an interview with her, where he reveals part of what makes her work so unique: *"When I look at one of your swinger photos what I'm looking at is mostly you 'outside' the picture looking at what you're photographing … half-naked, all naked, taking these photos of next-door neighbors having sex …"*
He refers to Harris's secret for winning the confidence of her subjects: To penetrate the world of middle class mate-swapping she had to join them, often working in just shoes and a tool belt to hold her camera gear. Her extreme technique worked so well that in 48 months she was able to photograph 38 parties, crisscrossing the country from Mahwah, New Jersey, to Pleasanton, California; from Big Lake, Minnesota, to Washington, Texas. Her subjects are not the usual perfected androids who populate contemporary erotica, but ordinary people with extraordinary sex lives, including multi-orgasmic schoolteachers, polyamorous nurses, bi-sexual senior citizens and the Mandingos, a group of African-American men who service white wives.

Stunningly photographed and surprisingly sexy, Richard Prince describes Harris's *America Swings* as *"something that's gloriously alternative, that isn't rentable, that can't be downloaded, that's uninhibited and filled with a sense of strange joy. Almost like a J.G. Ballard theme park for sex."*

The photographer: **Naomi Harris** was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1973. She received her photographic training at New York's International Center of Photography. She has been published in *Fortune*, *Flaunt*, *Life*, and *Heeb* magazines, and likes to knit, sing karaoke, and frequent nude beaches. She lives in New York City.

The author: **Richard Prince**, painter, photographer and collagist was born in 1949 in the Panama Canal Zone. He is known as a critic of and commentator on American consumer culture and as a master of appropriated art. He currently lives and works in upstate New York.

The editor: **Dian Hanson** is TASCHEN's sexy book editor. As a 25-year veteran of men's magazine publishing, she edited titles including *Puritan*, *Oui*, *Outlaw Biker*, *Juggs*, and *Leg Show*. Her many books for TASCHEN include *Vanessa del Rio: Fifty Years of Slightly Slutty Behavior* and *R. Crumb's Sex Obsessions*.

 "If there is an eye for human flesh that one should trust, it should be Hanson's. And Hanson says she



knew immediately. It was the 'freshest' thing she had seen in a long time." —ART REVIEW, *London*

“Her work reminds me of the access Diane Arbus had to her subject matter.”

—Richard Prince



According to American film, television, and commercial pornography, the only people having sex in the United States are young, lean, and cosmetically perfect. Naomi Harris begs to differ. In her four-year exploration of America’s sexual underground the Canadian photographer found that those with the wildest sex lives are not Hollywood mannequins, but the ordinary folks next door: that nice lady at the bank, your family doctor, the friendly waitress, even your Sunday school teacher. Call it swinging, “the lifestyle,” or indoor sports, married couples engaging in consensual extramarital sex may be the fastest-growing hobby in America.

To penetrate their world, 34-year-old Harris joined the swingers on their home turf, often working in just sneakers and a tool belt to hold her camera gear. In 48 months she photographed 40 parties, crisscrossing the country from Mahwah, New Jersey, to Pleasanton, California; from Big Lake, Minnesota, to Washington, Texas.

She attended Christmas parties, Halloween parties, Valentine’s Day parties, Super Bowl parties, and a very naked Thanksgiving dinner. She photographed fornication in pickup trucks and on luxury yachts. She met doctors, lawyers, ministers, farmers, schoolteachers, and full-time moms, and found all of these unlikely sensualists warm, welcoming, and more than eager to show her the real shape of American sex.

Studies from the early ’70s estimated that around 1% of married American couples had engaged in swinging at least once. In 1995 the North American Swing Club Association revised that estimate to 15%. Today, there’s no telling how many couples have dabbled, but as the lifestyle grows, the demographics remain essentially the same. For the most part swingers today, as in the ’70s, are

– Middle to upper middle class
– Between 35 and 55 years old
– Better educated than the average American
– Caucasian
– The product of religious Christian homes
– Less jealous than most
– Liberal only in their attitude towards sex

From personal observation I would add that swingers are unusually sociable, believe strongly in unconditional love, embrace the sanctity of marriage, and consider their mates to be their best friends. They also believe strongly in fidelity; they’ve simply redefined the word to include sex in the presence of one’s spouse. For swingers, fornication is a shared hobby, like snowboarding or stamp collecting, and considered safe as long as a couple’s emotional bond is honored. Simply put, the secret to successful swinging is trusting that love conquers all. It’s a sweetly romantic concept of love seemingly at odds with fucking the neighbors, but swingers are, for the most part, old-fashioned folks. These are people raised on traditional American values, the couples who in generations past stayed together for the sake of the children when the passion died. Today, they keep the passion alive through swinging, and more and more of them are going public with their lifestyle.

Those who prefer the airbrushed fantasy of commercial sexuality may wish they’d stay in seclusion, but as Naomi Harris says, “The media may not consider them sexy, but they consider themselves sexy, and because of that confidence they’re having better sex than the rest of us. I’m jealous of the orgasms these people have and I admire their freedom to try absolutely anything and to be so comfortable in their bodies.”

Who among us wouldn’t like the kind of confidence that allows you to walk into a roomful of strangers, drop your clothes, and know that you’re going to score? This is the reality of swinging in America, and as realities go, it ain’t half bad.

Artist Richard Prince discovered Naomi’s work in TASCHEN’s *The New Erotic Photography* and asked to interview her for this book. Following is Harris on her fascination with swingers, getting naked on Miami Beach and the difficulty of organizing a 26-person gangbang.

—Dian Hanson

Richard Prince: First... let’s get some of the background out of the way.... Where were you born? Where did you grow up?

Naomi Harris: I was born in Toronto, Canada, on May 26, 1973. We lived in a suburb of Toronto called Downsview, where my parents still live today, nearly 40 years later. It was an extremely Orthodox Jewish neighborhood, and though we were observant of the Sabbath and other Jewish traditions, we certainly were not in the same league as many of our neighbors. In fact many of the children in the area called me a goy [non-Jew] because I wore pants and they wouldn’t play with me.

RP: High school, college, graduate school?

NH: I went to a Jewish day school for nine years, where we were taught English studies half a day and Hebrew studies the other. I was accepted to York University, which is a school in Toronto, and lived at home for the four years I studied for my bachelor of fine arts. On a trip to Europe in my third year of school I took photos and decided that this was what turned me on. I applied to New York’s International Center of Photography for their documentary program and, lo and behold, I was accepted. It wasn’t until I moved to New York City at age 24 that I left home for the first time.

RP: When did sex first enter the picture?

NH: I kissed my first boy, gave my first blowjob, had a boy go down on me, and lost my virginity all in the span of one month. All with the same guy, mind you. I was just barely 16 and it was the summer of grade 10. I had just left the awkward stage of adolescence, meaning I lost about 20 pounds and sprouted up about six inches. I had a newfound sense of confidence, one I have never quite seemed to capture again, and once I began to experiment, didn’t see the point to stop. It wasn’t that



 “*America Swings* is uninhibited, strangely joyful and only a little bit

"People can take out of my photographs what they want, but I am not mocking these people. I find them fascinating."
—NAOMI HARRIS

I was "fast" or anything; I just didn't put the same kind of weight on "waiting for marriage" or the right guy. I was curious, he was around, and that was it. We lasted all of about a month and then he broke up with me.
I was "one of the guys" in high school; I suppose I still am. I didn't date much, just occasionally hooked up with people, and even then didn't do that so often either. Funny, you would think most guys would be all over the liberal idea of having a good time without dating, but when it really comes down to it, guys are prudes.

RP: Are you married, single, boyfriend, girlfriend, divorced, kids?
NH: I am single. Hard to date when people find out what you photograph. Intimidates the good ones and attracts the wrong ones. I would like to find the person who checks in on me when I'm on the road, whether or not that is the result of marriage. And I would like to have children—but not by myself, as so many of my married friends suggest I do, because I think the whole appeal to having children is to watch them learn and take on both your traits.

RP: What about the nudist thing.... When did you first start going to nudist beaches? Were you comfortable with being nude? What's it like and why do you prefer to be without clothes...?
NH: Nude beaches. I was living in Miami and heard about this place called Haulover Beach. That was in December 1999, so I was 26. I actually went to welcome the Millennium there at a nudie New Year's party. I would go by myself when I didn't have any work and sit alone off to the side. There would be big groups being crazy and having a blast and I was just too shy, partially because I was naked, but more so because I didn't know anyone.
One day I rolled over from my belly to apply sunscreen on my back and noticed some pervert filming me with a video camera hidden under a towel between his legs. The camera was aimed right at my birth canal. I was mortified. I decided I best make some friends quick and joined this nice little group that was there every weekend. Dorie and her gang were true nudists in the sense that they were there for that love of being nude and not for anything sexual. They would have potlucks for all the holidays and welcomed me into their fold. I felt extremely comfortable with them. I witnessed things like people injecting insulin, flossing their teeth, all normal things one does everyday, but they looked so funny doing it nude that I had to start bringing my camera. Now since I too was naked most people didn't have a problem with me photographing them, but of course I always asked permission first, as I still do.

RP: What's the best part of being on a nudist beach?
NH: I hate shopping for bathing suits and get depressed while trying them on. I also hate tan lines. Go naked and voilà, the anxiety is gone. I guess my motivation for being nude is totally vain rather than sexual or naturalistic.

RP: Do you go to nudist camps?
NH: I have been to nudist camps, but more to research for photo shoots. I adore seeing people do normal everyday things in the nude, and how without clothing they have to find other ways of showing their style and personality, like having an American flag clit ring.

RP: I know a lot of families go to those camps.... But aren't there a lot of people at these camps in it for the sex?
NH: Unfortunately, the day of the family nudist camp in America has died. Many of these nudist resorts that were geared for families have changed their focus to survive. Last summer I was at a beach in Far Rockaway, Queens. Now the law in New York says that it's OK for a woman to be topless. A police officer walked by and I asked if it was OK; he gave me his seal of approval. Within 30 seconds of me taking my top off, this obnoxious woman began screaming at me: "Put your fucking top back on, there's fucking children here, they shouldn't have to see your tits. We aren't in Europe." I responded that her potty mouth was a far worse influence on children than seeing a pair of breasts, but then another woman said she didn't have a problem with someone being topless



but that I had "saggy-assed tits," which I can assure you I don't. I was mortified, but later that afternoon the bitch who cussed me out began dry humping her boyfriend in front of her kid after smoking cigarettes and drinking all day. So, it's OK to practically have sex on the beach, just do it with your clothes on?

RP: What's your reaction to seeing someone without clothes on? Is it a question of equality, the fact that no one has clothes on puts everybody on the same level? My own experience with public nudity is that it calms me down... Any thoughts on what it makes you feel?
NH: I love it. I love that people have the confidence and security to do what makes them feel good. Quite frankly, you'd think many nudists would be too embarrassed to take their clothes off in front of others, but the fact that they don't care and even prance around proudly makes me applaud them. I love to stare. I love to see the wide variety of body types.
Being relatively young and still in fairly good shape puts me at an advantage. Sometimes I feel uncomfortable about my body, that I've gained weight, am out of shape, and then I'll go to a nude beach and feel like Miss America. It's good for the ego.

RP: You told me that someone approached you on one of these beaches and asked you to go with him to a swingers' party.... Is that how you were first introduced to the "swinger" subject?
NH: It was there at the beach that I met "Roger," a man in his 60s who was also a swinger. I didn't know it when I first started coming to the beach, but a good proportion of these nudists were also swingers and they would throw orgies on the beach when the sun was setting. I had to wait to be invited as a "key" to a club called Trapeze in Fort Lauderdale.
So one Sunday night, shortly before I moved away from Miami in 2002, I picked up "Roger" and we went over to the club. It was in a strip mall in a very commercial part of town. Nondescript, downright seedy from the outside, but inside there was a dance floor and a large buffet complete with a chef in white with a big chef's hat,

***Opposite top**: God Bless America, Swingstock, Duxbury, MN, July 2007* ***Opposite bottom**: From coast to coast, this map shows each state in which Harris took photographs for this book.* ***Above:** Viking and his Girlfriend, Swingstock, Black River Falls, WI, July 2003*

uncomfortable to look at." —CONFUSED, *London*

"I love the obscure and realism. I adore seeing what goes on behind closed doors and love the photographers who are able to get access to really tough situations."

—Naomi Harris



love to have sex in public places, to rush home from dinner to get at each other, or actually have sex during dinner. I don't know if it's a side effect of watching so many people have sex but my libido is all but shot.
I don't crave it; I don't masturbate much; and I don't really miss it. I'd rather have a piece of chocolate cake.
I was always under the impression that when women were in their early 30s they hit their sexual peak. I'm still waiting. But I talk to my friends, married, mostly mums, and none of them want sex either. They'll give their husbands blowjobs to avoid having intercourse.
I used to love giving blowjobs. Turned me on.
I'd like to think I'm just dormant, like a bear hibernating for the winter, and when the right guy comes along I'll be ferocious. I want to be that sexy librarian again, the one that may not be much to look at in public, but once you get her behind closed doors, watch out. I did love sex and plan on doing so again. I think it's mostly a matter of finding that person who actually knows how to push my buttons.
I guess the long-winded answer to your question about what turns me on is this: a man who's not scared to use a little force when necessary, can deduce what I'm thinking and needing without asking, and makes me laugh until tears roll down my cheeks.
A strong wit: That's my greatest turn on.

carving roast beef and serving scalloped potatoes. We stuffed ourselves and then 20 minutes later went to the back room where all the sex was going on. You were not permitted to enter the back dressed; you had to change into a towel. As a nudist I was fine with that; as a young lady I felt like a piece of sirloin.
We went in the group sex room, which was more or less a row of about six mismatched beds pushed together. This was the first time I had ever seen anyone having sex in person. "Roger" leaned over to me and said, "Isn't that hot?" and I nodded in agreement, but it was all I could do to contain my laughter. I don't know if it was because I was about to explode from dinner or because I was in so many ways still a child, but I found the whole thing to be hilarious. And everyone was taking it all so seriously. We stayed and watched for a couple of hours but neither of us did anything. That was the understanding; I was his guest, but he had no expectations of me whatsoever. When we left I knew I had to start photographing this, because no one would believe me when I told stories of what I'd seen, like the woman at 3 in the morning picking food from the breakfast buffet stark naked but for heels.

RP: Aside from getting permission... how long were you in the picture when you photographed that girl getting her birthday present?
NH: I was in the room for about three hours. It was her 26th birthday and she was supposed to get a 26-person gang bang. I photographed the first couple and watched her being prepped for anal and her actually taking it from behind. Her husband was out recruiting others but since he was a mess from GHB he wasn't very successful. After her first couple, she got together with that gorgeous young girl and they used strap-ons on each other. All I could think about was how much rough sex she'd already had and how was she going to survive 24 more people? I guess she was actually fortunate that her husband didn't come through with any others, and frankly, I had had enough at that point myself.

RP: I'm assuming someone like Diane Arbus is a favorite of yours, but is there anyone else who doesn't come to mind that you really dig as a photographer?
NH: I adore Diane Arbus. I love the fact that she was attracted to people whom others chose to ignore. It's obvious that she had interactions with the people she photographed; one doesn't get those sorts of photos by being merely an observer. I also really love the English photographer Martin Parr, the Swedish photographer Lars Tunbjörk, the early work of Richard Billingham and Nick Waplington. Also Bellocq, Disfarmer, and August Sander. I suppose you can see a pattern here: I love the obscure and realism. I adore seeing what goes on behind closed doors and love the photographers who are able to get access to really tough situations.

RP: You don't strike me as someone who thinks about sex a lot.... My reading of you is that you're "regular" and not very "wild" or "different" and I think that this reaction to your "ordinariness" makes you particularly sexy.... When I look at one of your swinger photos what I'm looking at is mostly you "outside" the picture looking at what you're photographing.... It's you that I'm focusing on even though you're not in the picture. You standing there, half-naked, all naked, taking these photos of next-door neighbors having sex is something that turns me on.... So I guess my question is... what turns you on?
NH: I think I'm just worn out or way too busy. When I was much younger I had a real wild streak. I would



"She presents this middle-aged Budweiser America in the fullness of its exhibitionist display. Capturing…the glory of a proud humanity in its unbridled search for the perfect orgasm."

—JACK THE PELICAN, ***Brooklyn***

Above left: Thanksgiving Dinner, *Big Lake, MN, November 2004* ***Above:*** Whipped Cream, The Lifestyles Convention, *Las Vegas, NV, July 2007* ***Opposite:*** 18th Annual Swingstock: Shipwrecked–a tribute to Gilligan's Island, *Duxbury, MN, July 18-22, 2007*

 "People can take out of my photographs what they want, but I am not mock-



ing these people. I find them fascinating." —NAOMI HARRIS

No pain, no gain

The most memorable moments since the birth of pro football in America



NEIL LEIFER: GUTS AND GLORY
THE GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL, 1958–1978

Photos: Neil Leifer / Introduction: Jim Murray / Text: Gabriel Schechter / Hardcover in a slipcase, **XL-format**: 39.6 x 33 cm (15.6 x 13 in.), 350 pp.

ART EDITION, No. 1–200

Limited to 200 copies, numbered and signed by Neil Leifer and accompanied by one of two chromogenic prints, printed on 38 x 30.5 cm (15 x 12 in.) semi-matte paper, numbered and signed below the image by the photographer.

No. 1–100: *Johnny Unitas*, 1964; see cover illustration
No. 101–200: *Alan Ameche*, 1958; see page 29 center

€ 900 / $ 1,350 / £ 700 / ¥ 180,000

GUTS AND GLORY, No. 201–1,700

Limited to 1,500 copies, numbered and signed by Neil Leifer.

€ 350 / $ 500 / £ 300 / ¥ 70,000

***Opposite**: Kicking It Down the Field: Super Bowl I, Packers 35, Chiefs 10, Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, January 15, 1967*







In 1958, sports photographer Neil Leifer took the picture that remains one of his most famous to this day. The day he got the shot—Alan Ameche's game-winning "Sudden Death" touchdown—was Leifer's 16th birthday. This game, called "The Greatest Ever Played," signaled football's emergence as America's new national pastime; formerly half-empty stadiums welcomed sold-out crowds seemingly overnight, while football surpassed pro baseball and college football in national television ratings. Starting then, on any given Sunday Leifer was most likely shooting a football game somewhere in America. His 1961 photo of legendary Giants quarterback Y.A. Tittle dropping back to pass landed Leifer his first cover for *Sports Illustrated* and cemented his close connection to the sport.
While best known for his iconic photograph of Muhammad Ali towering over a fallen Sonny Liston, and for the enormous diversity of subjects he covered in and out of the sports world, it is his football pictures Leifer considers his best. This collection represents the best of his best, culled from over 10,000 rolls of film on the sport, including hundreds of previously unpublished pictures. It's impossible to conceive of Peyton Manning hovering over an impromptu wood fire on the sidelines during a blizzard, but Leifer captured Tittle's Giants doing exactly that during the coldest game in his living memory (the 1962 Championship in New York, a game "far colder than the famous Ice Bowl"). From Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers dynasty to the Miami Dolphins' perfect season in 1972 to the Minnesota Vikings' terrifying Front Four—the "Purple People Eaters"—they're all here.

Following an introduction assembled from the best football columns of the era by famed sports columnist **Jim Murray**, this collection is divided into four chapters: "On Any Sunday" is Leifer's homage to the game. "The Legends" includes heroes like **Johnny Unitas, Jim Brown, Terry Bradshaw, Joe Namath, Dick Butkus, Frank Gifford**, and **"Mean" Joe Greene**. "The Bosses" delves into the victories on and off the field of immortal coaches **Vince Lombardi, John Madden, Tom Landry, Weeb Ewbank**, and others. Finally, "The Big Game" traces major championship games from 1958 through Super Bowl XII. The in-depth captions put the images into their historical context, making the book highly accessible and informative.
Presented in a custom slipcase and limited to a total of 1,700 copies signed by the photographer, this limited edition is a companion to Neil Leifer's instant sell-out success, *Ballet in the Dirt: The Golden Age of Baseball*, published by TASCHEN in 2007.

The photographer: Native New Yorker **Neil Leifer** began photographing sports events as a teenager. He has shot over 150 covers for *Sports Illustrated*, published 13 books of his photographs, and held the position of staff photographer for *Time* magazine. His Muhammad Ali boxing images played prominently in TASCHEN'S *GOAT—Greatest Of All Time*.

The authors: **Jim Murray** was a founding father of *Sports Illustrated*, and sports columnist for the *Los Angeles Times* for 37 years. Murray was inducted into Cooperstown's Baseball Hall of Fame writers' wing in 1988 and won a Pulitzer Prize for Commentary in 1990. He died in 1998. **Gabriel Schechter**, a lifelong sports fanatic who idolized Willie Mays, Johnny Unitas, and Oscar Robertson, is a research associate at the National Baseball Hall of Fame. He is the author of four books, including *This Bad Day in Yankees History*.

 "If you are a sports fan, you have to be a Neil Leifer admirer: his pictures have been



shaping your impressions and memories for four decades." —BOB COSTAS

All Hail the Pros: Football in the ’60s and ’70s

By Jim Murray

“I came to Los Angeles in 1944 (the smog and I hit town together and neither one of us has been run out despite the best efforts of public-spirited citizens)…” wrote journalist Jim Murray in his 1961 debut in the Los Angeles Times. *From 1961 to 1998 he wrote over 10,000 columns for the newspaper’s sports section. Selections from several, including this introduction to the sports-hungry citizens of Los Angeles, are excerpted here.*

There are five things in this world that, it is widely believed, only a handful of people have ever completely understood—Einstein’s Theory of Relativity, the American Electoral College system of balloting, the writings of James Joyce, the operas of Richard Wagner and the tiebreaking procedures of the National Football League. Jonathan Winters drew them up. Inspired by a drawing of Rube Goldberg. Something out of the Brothers Grimm. Or the script of a Tom and Jerry cartoon. [“Maybe They Could Award Points for Creative Spiking,” December 11, 1979]

I have been urged by my friends—all of whom mean well—to begin writing in this space without introducing myself, as if I have been standing here all the while only you haven’t noticed. But I don’t think I’ll do that. I think I’ll start off by telling you a little about myself and what I believe in. That way, we can start to fight right away. First off, I am against the bunt in baseball—unless they start batting against the ball John McGraw batted against. The last time the bunt won a game, Frank Chance was a rookie.

I think the eight-point touchdown has had it. It’s added nothing to the game unless, of course, you count the extra bookkeeping. I’m glad the Rams traded Billy Wade. I won’t say Billy was clumsy, but on the way back from the line of scrimmage with the ball he bumped into more people than a New York pickpocket. I have seen blockers make ball-carriers look bad. Wade was the only ball-carrier I ever saw make the blockers look bad. Those poor guys were getting cross-eyed trying to look for him out of both corners of their eyes. They never knew which way he went. The play usually ended with some mastodon of a defensive end holding Billy upside down by the heels and shaking him, like a father with a kid who’s just swallowed a quarter. Billy gave up more ground, faster, than Mussolini at the end of the war. The Chicago Bears better put his shoes on backward or he’ll dance right out of that little ball park of theirs. I expect him to be the only quarterback ever tackled for a loss in the seats. … [“Let’s Dot Some ‘I’s,” February 12, 1961]

If you saw Vince Lombardi in a crowd of truck drivers and were asked to guess his occupation, the next to last thing you’d pick would be football coach. But that’s all right, because you’d NEVER guess he was a Latin teacher.

Vince Lombardi looks as if he should be climbing down from behind the wheel of a six-wheeled semi and saying, “Okay, lady, where do you want the piano?” Or he should be down on the waterfront with a longshoreman’s gaff unloading olive oil. The face is swart and strong. The eyes are friendly but wary. This is a city boy who has been offered the Brooklyn Bridge before. It is not the face of a pedagogue. It is hard to imagine it in front of a blackboard teaching, “Hic, Haec, Hoc,” the fact that “to, of, with, by, from, since” and “toward” always take the dative and the fact that all Gaul is divided in three parts. But Vince Lombardi also taught physics. And the last guy who dug both physics and Latin was Leonardo Da Vinci and he wouldn’t know an inside-right counter play from a zone defense or a buttonhook pattern. …

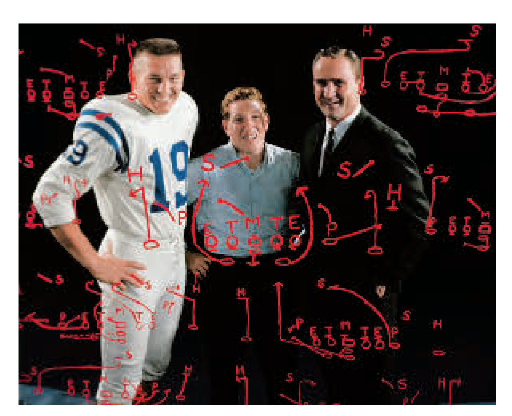
Lombardi was a recognized genius at football many years before the public found out about it, since



 “Leifer is both an artist and a techie, with an eye for iconic moments and a head

"Jim Brown didn't kick or throw the ball into the end zone. He arrived with the ball. He usually left a trail of nosebleeds behind him."

—JIM MURRAY



it was a trade secret, but, by 1959, the Green Bay franchise had fallen into such despair that it needed either a genius or divine intervention. The team had won one game the year before. It was run by a committee consisting of 13 members, which is the same thing as saying it wasn't run by anybody. It was parked by the side of the road. Lombardi was out of place in that setting, where you could see cows instead of subways and hear crickets instead of cab horns. Green Bay was as secret as a naval code in war, and draft choices were found wandering all over the hills of Wisconsin with bloodhounds when they were asked to report.

Vince first demanded a five-year contract and the general managership. He told the committee he would send for them when he needed them but not to wait around the phone. He went over the list of his personnel and briefly considered trading it off to the Mayo Clinic for their outpatient list. This was the only team he had ever seen that had more whirlpool baths than it had players. You can always tell a losing team. It has more aches and pains than a bus wreck and Lombardi first walked through and announced he didn't want to see anybody in a whirlpool bath unless he had already had the last rites. As a result, he has players playing 60 mins. today in such bad shape vultures are circling over them. His first action reporting to camp was to pick up one of the biggest stars, a player who reported to practice only when the taverns were closed, by the scruff of the neck and slam him against a dormitory wall. He called for the dossier on Paul Hornung and, when they landed him a copy of "Playboy" magazine and said "Open to any page," he set his kickers to pointing the ball at Hornung until he had Hornung too tired even to read "Playboy," never mind to act it out. … ["Veni, Vidi, Vincie," December 2, 1963]

Back in the days of crystal set radio, when your station selector was a cat's whisker tuner, only twice as fragile, I remember straining my ears (inside headsets) to hear prehistoric World Series, Jack Dempsey prize fights, and occasionally, Yale-Army football games. It was known as "the magic of radio," and I can tell you it was pretty magical to tune in on a contest that was going on as far as 30 miles away or sometimes clear down to New York. …You got the Boston home baseball games but, as the sales of radio sets grew, sports promoters began to question the wisdom of "giving away their shows." Pro football broadcast sponsorless out of New York, but it was a struggling medium, and the more popular forms in sports entertainment began to rebuff radio.

The popular theory of baseball broadcasts of routine season games in those days was that they were going only to a body of people known as "shut-ins," some vast army of luckless or limbless persons who could not otherwise follow our national pastime. But the plain facts of the matter were that they were going to housewives, car mechanics, factory workers, anyone who had the price of a radio, and a lot of them developed such a taste for radio baseball that they became "fans" who never went to a live game. They didn't become fans of the game, they became fans of the announcer. They were sometimes let down when they did attend a game, because it wasn't nearly as exciting as the announcer had let on. …Well, television and the coaxial cable suddenly made radio a tame medium where nobody ever listens to anything but weather reports and the correct time. But TV added another dimension to the game. You not only HEARD it, you SAW it.

For some games, this was almost fatal. But for pro football, the people couldn't get enough. Largely because pro football didn't give it to them.

The same people who sanctimoniously blocked pay-radio now block pay-TV. You shouldn't use the sacred airways of the people and then charge them for it, said these holy men who were charging General Foods or General Motors by the minute for it. So they backed themselves into a corner when they conceded that the mysterious broadcast waves that carry sound and image were, somehow, a public trust. In that case, countered the government, the television industry must not only be licensed but GOVERNED. And, the other day, in all its majesty, the Congress of the United States ruled by overwhelming vote that the National Football League, a heretofore private enterprise, must GIVE its attractions away. …

The nice dilemma now is that television—and pro football—are locked off from any eventual grosses from pay-TV. When their seats are sold, their attraction must go on advertising-subsidized TV. Pro football and Madison Avenue are in bed together till death do them part. What makes me sore is, where were the guys when I wanted to hear the Sharkey-Carnera fight in 1933? Or when I had to listen to Columbia-Princeton instead of Notre Dame-Southern Methodist in 1935? Can I get back the $21 bucks I spent to go down and see Babe Ruth play in 1934—$21 bucks that it took me eight months to save from my Liberty magazine route. NOW, they tell me the best things in life are free—and here all these years I thought it was just a damn song title. ["TV Football Giveaway," October 24, 1973]



Opposite: *Too Little, Too Late: Super Bowl III, Jets 16, Colts 7, Orange Bowl, January 12, 1969* ***Above left:*** *Brain Trust, January 1964. Johnny Unitas, Neil Leifer, and coach Don Shula* ***Above:*** *Winners' Rituals: NFL Championship, Colts 23, Giants 17, Yankee Stadium, December 28, 1958*



"TASCHEN représent une expérience extrêmement originale, presque iconoclaste

Nouvel vague

The 2008 Pritzker Prize winner explores his career to date

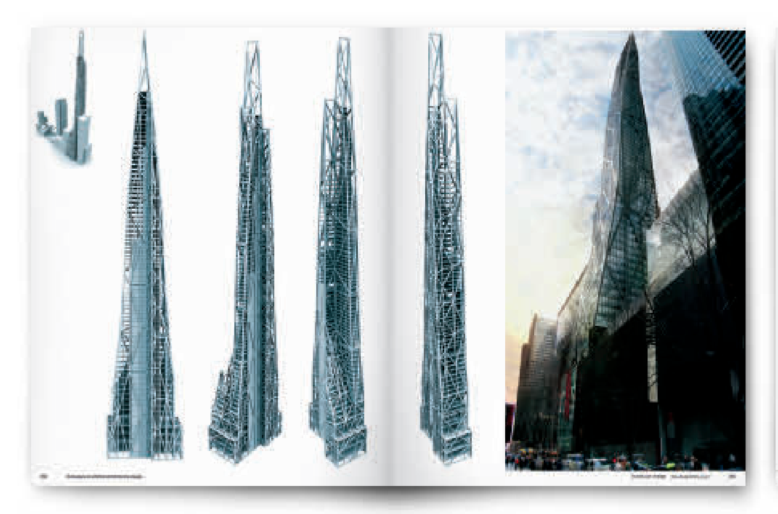


***Opposite**: Culture and Convention Center, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1992–2000. Photo © Georges Fessy*

JEAN NOUVEL BY JEAN NOUVEL. COMPLETE WORKS 1970–2008

Philip Jodidio / Hardcover, 2 vols. in a plexiglass slipcase, format: 29 x 36.8 cm (11.4 x 14.5 in.), 898 pp.
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Recipient of the 2008 Pritzker Prize, Jean Nouvel is without any doubt France's most original and important contemporary architect. From 1967 to 1970, he was an assistant of the influential architects Claude Parent and Paul Virilio, then creating his own office in Paris. His first widely acclaimed project was the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris (1981–87, with Architecture Studio). Since then he has completed the Lyon Opera House (1986–93), the Euralille Shopping Center, Lille (1991–94), and the Fondation Cartier, Paris (1991–94). His major completed projects since 2000 include the Culture and Convention Center in Lucerne, Switzerland (1998–2000), the spectacular Agbar Tower on Barcelona's Diagonal Avenue (2001–03), the extension of the Reina Sofia Museum, (Madrid, 1999–2005), the Quai Branly Museum on the Seine in Paris (2001–06), and the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Apart from receiving this year's Pritzker Prize, Jean Nouvel won the RIBA (Royal Institute of British Architecture) Gold Medal in 2001. Jean Nouvel worked for five years with author Philip Jodidio on this prodigiously illustrated TASCHEN monograph, a book that will finally give the full measure of the architect's talent. Two 400-page hardcover volumes give the most complete overview to date of Jean Nouvel's career, including works in progress, such as the new Louvre in Abu Dhabi, the Philharmonie de Paris, and the extension of the MoMA in New York. The book's graphic design and images were conceived and selected by the architect; in addition, the transparent printed dust jackets mimic the architect's own tendency to play with contrasts and overlaid patterns. One can truly say that this publication is Nouvel by Nouvel, inside and out.

The author: **Philip Jodidio** studied art history and economics at Harvard University, and was editor-in-chief of the leading French art journal *Connaissance des Arts* for over two decades. He has published numerous articles and books on contemporary architecture, including TASCHEN's *Architecture Now!* series, *Building a New Millennium*, and monographs on Tadao Ando, Santiago Calatrava, Olafur Eliasson, Norman Foster, Richard Meier, Renzo Piano, and Álvaro Siza.

Giver of forms

Excerpt from the essay by Philip Jodidio

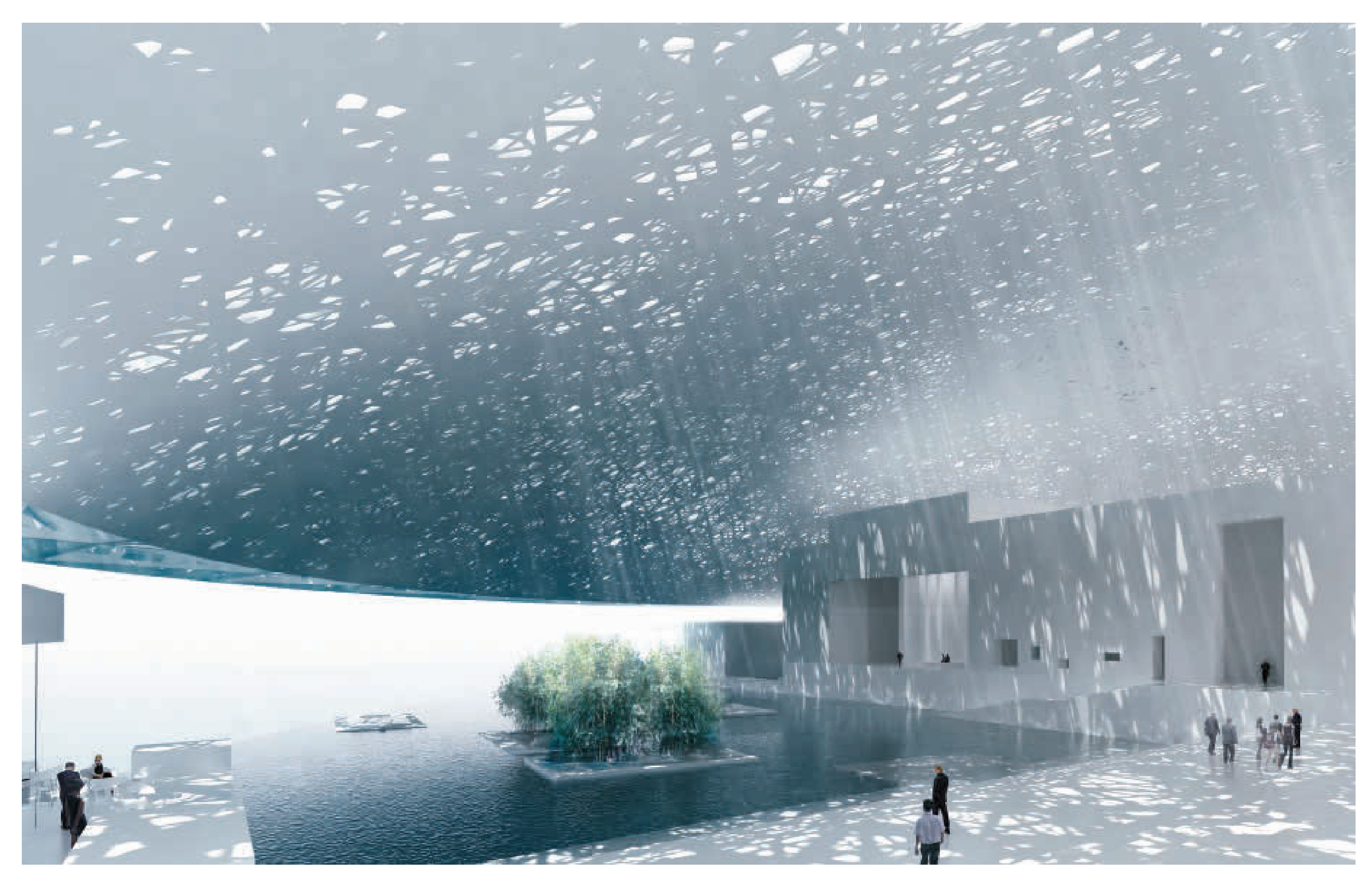
Architect, builder, or dreamer? To create space, a place to live, or to erect a sign in the urban chaos that all is not lost to speculation and the endless repetition of banality? To fit into an existing environment, or to create singularities, signals to those who may understand that some resist the temptations of modern conformity? These are theoretical options for the creative architect, but the pressures on the builder are such that even the strong-willed often bend and agree to play the game. What of style? Some periods have known a dominant style, one that an architect could contradict only at the risk of losing his reputation, and yet some dared precisely that, changing the direction of a profession that in the best of circumstances can become an art. These rare architects are the form givers, those who lead and break the rules, eventually to be understood by their peers and the public at large. Frank Lloyd Wright or Ludwig Mies van der Rohe set out in almost diametrically opposite directions early in the 20th century, and between them gave form to modernity. The style and thought of Wright may have been more difficult to imitate than the geometric rigor of Mies, or even the more lyrical work of Corbu, but between them, these men defined the architecture of their time. Today there is clearly no dominant style, even if computer generated "blobs" or other manifestations of technology seem to have swept over the planet like a plague. When the "new" rhymes with the ephemeral, it may be that there is a thirst for more "genuine" forms that is even greater than in times of a dominant style.

Truly French, Nouvel knows how to push an idea to its limit without going over the edge

Jean Nouvel is a giver of forms. It may be too early to place him in the pantheon of modern architecture's greatest but he has displayed a remarkable sense of measure and originality that set him apart from others of his generation. Born in 1945, he is now entering the period of his life when an architect attains recognition. Building, simply put, takes more time than painting or sculpture. And where large sums of money are concerned, clients prefer to trust a known quantity than a young upstart. Beginning with the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris (1987, with Architecture Studio), the Fondation Cartier (Paris, 1995) and more recently the Culture and Convention Center, (Lucerne, 2000), the Nantes Law Courts (2000) or the Agbar Tower (Barcelona, 2005), Nouvel has moved beyond the phase of local celebrity to join the ranks of architecture's small club of international "stars," designing a tower in Tokyo or a museum in Rio, cutting a familiar figure with his black hat and tough look.

Born perhaps more of shyness than of hubris, Nouvel's appearance is of course of little significance as opposed to his rich and surprising architectural vocabulary. At his best, he walks the fine line between a powerful gesture and functional design. He is almost never outrageous, though some of his early buildings do flirt with claustrophobic or brutal space.

The French pride themselves in being "Cartesian" or logical. This is of course a myth, or a case of wishful thinking. French art and architecture of the modern period is more often guilty of superficiality or plagiarism than it is a product of real balanced logic. Nor do the French like to be reminded that many of their greatest artists, from Picasso to Le Corbusier, were of foreign origin. This is where Jean Nouvel stands to right the balance. Truly French, he knows how to push an idea to its limit without going over the edge. There is a certain brutality in much of his work, a toughness that sets it apart from the swaying lyricism of his "rival" Christian de Portzamparc, winner of the 1995 Pritzker Prize, for example. Many observers indeed wondered why Portzamparc got the Pritzker before Nouvel, but the award is known for its fundamental conservatism. Nouvel is not conservative, he is a risk-taker by nature, but his art has consisted in expanding the envelope of architectural possibilities while respecting programmatic or budgetary requirements. Surrounded by good friends



 "This publication explores a multifaceted and abundant oeuvre through a circum-

like the publisher Hubert Tonka, Nouvel indulges in a theoretical discourse that may be more French than international, but his buildings are French in the positive, pragmatic sense, in the way the country would like to see itself in the modern era. Indeed, a part of France is truly modern and pragmatic, and an architect like Jean Nouvel is the living proof of this fact. A man of contemporary spirit, Nouvel has not attained the status of national hero given by the Dutch to a Rem Koolhaas, but that may be because his country often fears contemporary art and architecture, reputed to be shallow, insulting, or aggressive toward the past.

He plays on the ambiguity between façade and interior, between reflections and more substantive realities

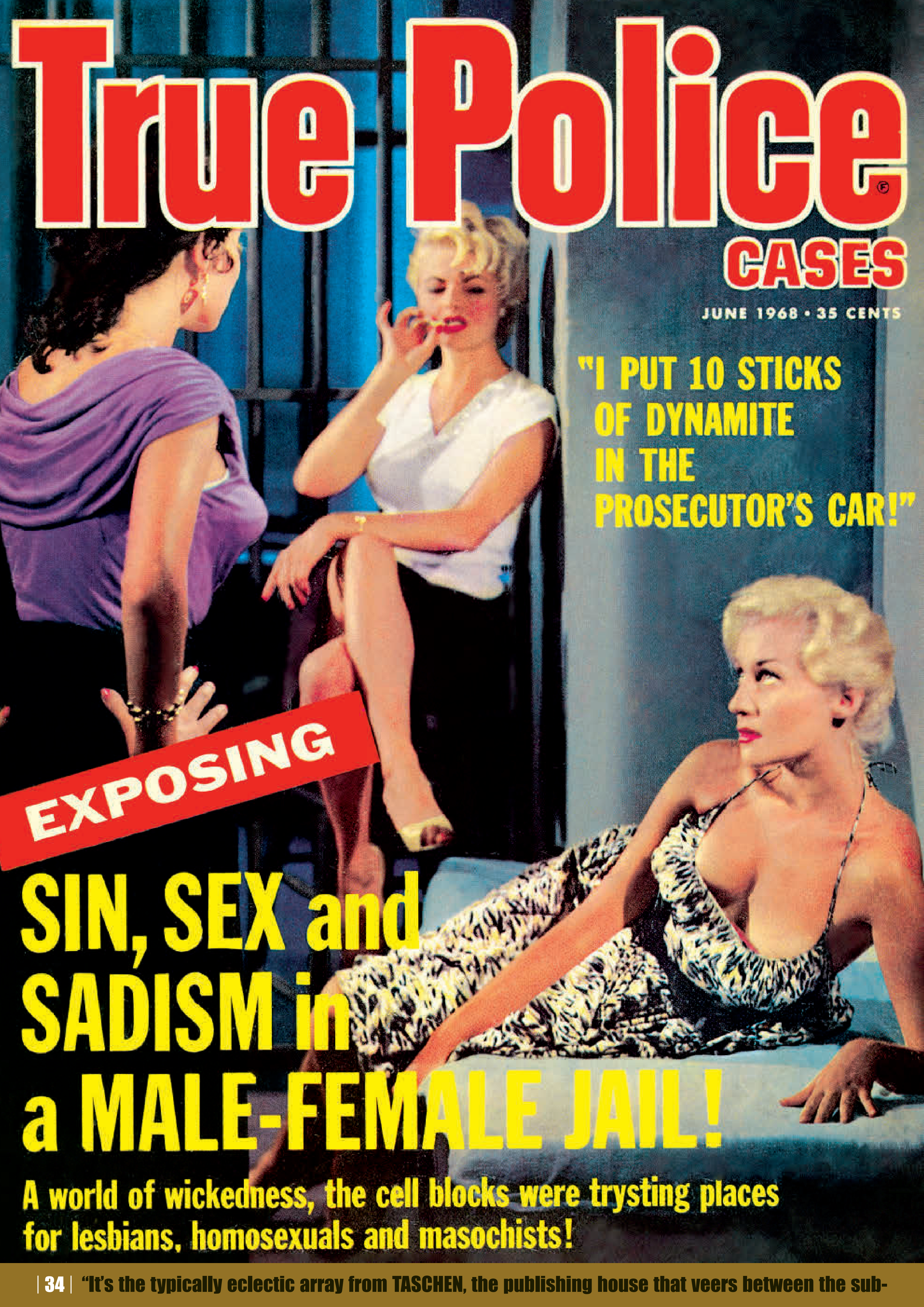
What Jean Nouvel has attained, even if it has been less noticed in France than might be the case, is the status of an international "star" – an architect whose work is both admired and accepted in countries from the United States to Japan, and most places between. A capacity to build in the complex historical circumstances of a city like Paris does not guarantee similar success on the waterside Corniche in Doha, and yet that is exactly the kind of dichotomy that Jean Nouvel has managed with a typically French aplomb. Though he seeks by no means to be an "official" architect of his country, rather it might be said that he would reject such a notion, Jean Nouvel has nonetheless emerged as the quintessential French architect.

One of the ways in which Jean Nouvel navigates between the extremes of brutality and sophistication in his architecture is through the refined use of ambiguity. Very often the viewer or user of one of his buildings is taken aback by certain features, and yet reassured by others. There are stairways and windows and they are more or less where they might be expected to be, and yet there is also an astonishing overhanging roof, as is the case in his buildings in Tours or Lucerne, or a scene from a movie on the ceiling of a hotel room (Lucerne). This man who dresses in black is affectionate of this product of the combined colors of the spectrum, using it in the Lyon Opera House or the Nantes Law Courts to great effect. Reflective or opaque, black is symbolic of the unknown, of fundamental ambiguity. So too, when Nouvel uses architectural-scale glass screens as he does at the Fondation Cartier, or the Quai Branly in Paris, he plays on the ambiguity between façade and interior, between the inside and the outside, between reflections and more substantive realities.

Jean Nouvel was born in Fumel, a town of 5,800 inhabitants located in the Aquitaine region of France. Nouvel at first wanted to be a painter, but he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Bordeaux in architecture in 1964. He moved to Paris the following year and was admitted to the Ecole nationale supérieur des Beaux-Arts, obtaining the highest grade on the entrance exam in 1966. From 1967 to 1970, he worked in the office of Claude Parent, theoretician of the "oblique" and one of France's more influential architects. In 1970, Nouvel created his first office in collaboration with François Seigneur, an architect strongly inclined to artistic interventions in the built environment. He obtained his degree (DPLG) in 1972, but a year before that, he was named the architect of the Biennale de Paris art exhibition. In 1980, Jean Nouvel enlarged the Biennale to formally include an architecture section. From the earliest phase of his career, he was consistently involved in debates and dissent concerning architecture in the urban environment.

***Opposite**: Louvre, Abu Dhabi, UAE, 2007. Photo © Artefactory **Below**: Torre Agbar, Barcelona, Spain, 1999–2005. Photo © Philippe Ruault*





 "It's the typically eclectic array from TASCHEN, the publishing house that veers between the sub-

The Golden Age of bad girls

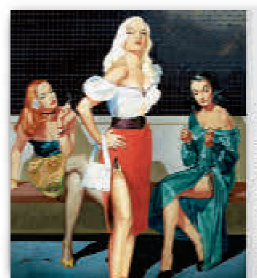
Gun-toting femmes fatales caught in the action!

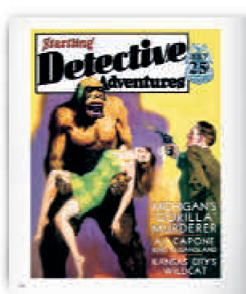


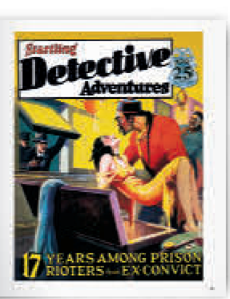
"My buddies wanted to be firemen, farmers or policemen, something like that. Not me, I just wanted to steal people's money!" —JOHN DILLINGER

Opposite: True Police Cases, *June 1968*

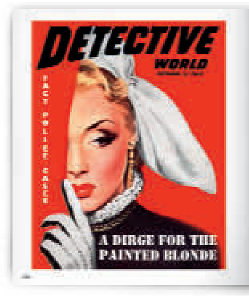
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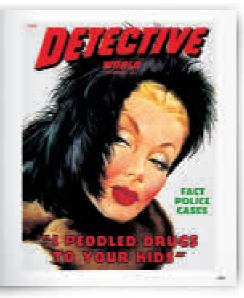




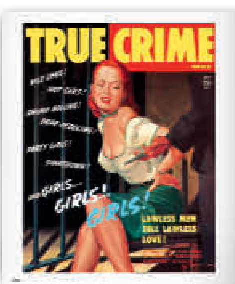


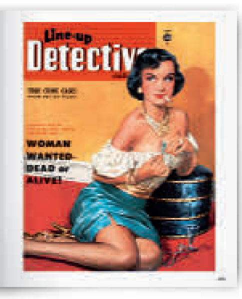










At the height of the Jazz Age, when Prohibition was turning ordinary citizens into criminals and ordinary criminals into celebrities, America's true crime detective magazines were born. *True Detective* came first in 1924, and by 1934, when the Great Depression had produced colorful outlaws like Machine Gun Kelly, Bonnie and Clyde, Baby Face Nelson, and John Dillinger, the magazines were so popular cops and robbers alike vied to see themselves on the pages. Even FBI boss J. Edgar Hoover wrote regularly for what came to be called the "Dickbooks," referring to a popular slang term for the police. As the decades rolled on, the magazines went through a curious metamorphosis, however. When liquor was once more legal, the Depression over and all the flashy criminals dead or imprisoned, the "detectives" turned to sin to make sales. Sexy bad girls in tight sweaters, slit skirts and stiletto heels adorned every cover. Coverlines shouted "I Was a Girl Burglar—For Kicks," "Sex Habits of Women Killers," "Bride of Sin!," "She Played Me for a Sucker," and most succinctly, "Bad Woman."
True Crime Detective Magazines follows the evolution and devolution of this distinctly American genre from 1924 to 1969. Hundreds of covers and interior images from dozens of magazine titles tell the story, not just of the "detectives," but also of America's attitudes towards sex, sin, crime and punishment over five decades.

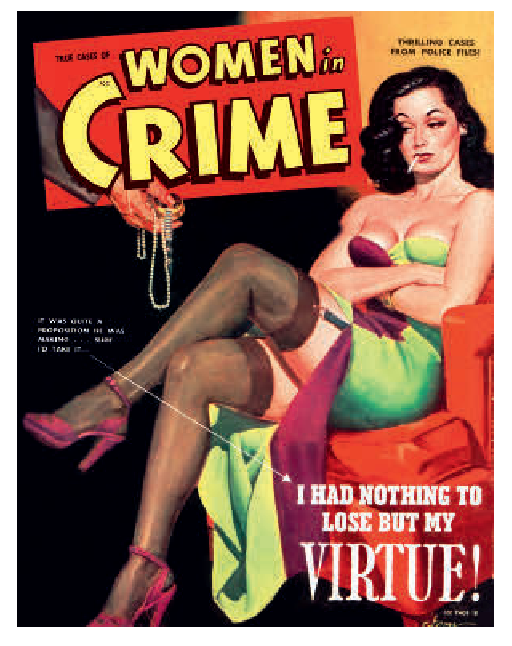
The editor: **Dian Hanson** is TASCHEN's sexy book editor. As a 25-year veteran of men's magazine publishing, she edited titles including *Puritan*, *Oui*, *Outlaw Biker*, *Juggs*, and *Leg Show*. Her many books for TASCHEN include *Vanessa del Rio: Fifty Years of Slightly Slutty Behavior* and *R. Crumb's Sex Obsessions*.

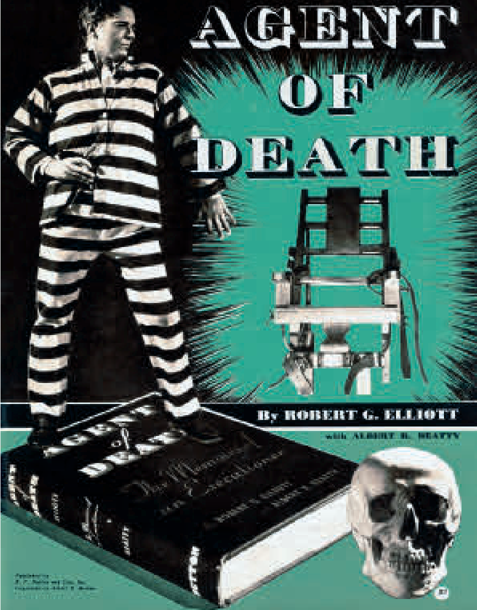
The author: **Eric Godtland** is a self-confessed compulsive collector. Working from his bases in the Haight-Ashbury and Potrero Hill districts of San Francisco, Eric obsesses over all things girlie, Hawaiian, musical and modernist. Originally from Butte, Montana and Coronado, California, Eric traces his interest in mid-century magazine design to the colorful pasts of both of these character-rich towns, where the past over-stayed its welcome.

lime and the ridiculous. And we wouldn't want it any other way." —PHOTO DISTRICT NEWS, *New York*

Sin, cigarettes and stiletto heels

By Eric Godtland





Any screenwriter will tell you, "The only thing every good movie script must have is sex and violence". Which is to say life. Sex and violence represent the two peaks of human passion, man's greatest desire and direst fear, the best and worst of human existence, our beginning and our end. Perhaps this is why the combination of sex and violence is such a potent and irresistible taboo, not just the bones of a good film script, or a constant on the nightly news, but the basis for most entertainment today.

It was crime and passion that led the illiterate to buy newspapers; sex and violence that made them want to learn to read

We're so used to feasting on the media's sex and violence stew we assume it has been this way forever, but mass media, born with the newspaper, is a relatively new development. 150 years ago newspapers were the province of the educated elite, providing the sort of sober coverage needed to keep the peasants in their place. It took pictures to capture the attention of the largely illiterate working class, the sort of pictures that made a visceral and immediate impact. Can anybody guess what kind of pictures these were?

It was crime and passion that led the illiterate to buy newspapers; sex and violence that made them want to learn to read, and one of the most important bridges leading from the original elite media to the current events cacophony of today was the detective magazine. This genre was the first to artfully sensationalize all the prurient themes with which we are bombarded today.

What caused the detective genre to suddenly spring up in the mid-19th century? The cylinder printing press invented in 1811 helped bring news from outside the neighborhood to the metropolitan rabble. During the 1830s further advances produced a "penny press", so named because it could turn out broadsheets cheaply enough to be sold profitably for a penny. Newspapers were suddenly within the means of most and began covering subjects of interest to a previously ignored group of readers: the working class. True crime coverage was quickly found to be a favorite with this newly literate sector. As both literacy and print technology further improved the western world experienced a newspaper boom.

For America this print revolution coincided with an urban crime wave. In the big Eastern cities, New York in particular, crime proliferated within the hungry, packed-in, largely immigrant neighborhoods. With the rapid population growth people not only ceased to know their neighbors, they didn't know their neighbor's language, traditions or social ways. With so many strangers and strange cultures thrown together, the fear grew beyond gossip's ability to convey it. It was within this climate of crime and fear of crime that true crime reporting began in earnest.

Technically, the first true crime titles were born in 1924 when New York-based Macfadden introduced True Detective Mysteries, and an undistinguished pulp called Detective Tales was sold to a publisher in Chicago and reborn as Real Detective Tales. Both these new titles were largely fiction-based for the first four years of their runs, as they had been designed to compete with Detective Story Magazine and new competitors The Black Mask and Flynn's. Ironically, the only magazine experimenting with true crime stories at all during this period was Flynn's, the least popular of the three.

Around 1928 both True Detective Tales and Real Detective Tales split from the crime fiction genre. Although both had previously featured stories based around real crime, they'd held back on actual names, photos and explicit details. Gradually, though, both became emboldened to cover real crime alongside the fiction. True Detective showed more daring, moving to a completely true crime format by 1929. Real Detective, having changed its title to the clumsy Real Detective Tales & Mystery Stories in 1927, continued mixing fiction with reality until 1931.

Magazines could confer instant fame on their featured criminals. They were "star makers" in a near Hollywood sense

Why the shift? One answer would be that the competition for good writers and stories was fierce, but it is more likely that someone, Macfadden or his editor John Shuttleworth, finally noticed that what was going on in the streets and speakeasies was even more entertaining than fiction.

Detective magazines exploded in popularity in the 1930s thanks to a synergistic triad of trends: the proliferation of home radio sets, the national crime wave generated by prohibition, and the escapist yearnings of a public mired in the Great Depression. Radio had flowered in the 1920s and continued to blossom through the '30s, with 638 stations in 1930, growing to 909 by 1942. By the end of the decade over 80% of American households owned a radio. This medium that brought live news coverage to all parts of the country simultaneously changed the idea of what "up on the news" meant. Radio transformed reporting, and especially crime reporting, into a form of entertainment. For the first time people could follow the exploits of bank robbers, gangsters and other shadowy characters



at work, at home, in barbershops and bars, with the exciting urgency of hour by hour reports.

All this crime and chaos was a tremendous boon to the detective magazine publishers, mainly Macfadden, Real Detective Tales Inc, and Fawcett, who fell over themselves to provide the kind of photos, interviews, and illustrations that only crime magazines could provide. During this golden age the magazines could confer instant fame on their featured criminals. They were "star makers" in a near Hollywood sense for John Dillinger, Al Capone, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, Ma Barker, Pretty Boy Floyd, Alvin Karpis, Machine Gun Kelly and Baby Face Nelson, who rank among the most recognizable names

"You can get farther with a kind word and a gun than you can with a kind word alone."

—AL CAPONE, AMERICAN GANGSTER

in criminal history thanks to the detective magazines. Dillinger holds top honors as America's all-time most popular criminal, with Capone close behind. In their day they had as many fans as the film stars of the era, and Hollywood kept close tabs on the detective magazines for plot ideas. Scarface (1932), patterned after the career of Al Capone, went into production less than a year after the gangster's 1931 income tax evasion bust. Actors played mobsters during the day and drank beside real gangsters in the clubs at night. Actress Virginia Hill took the symbiosis to the limit when she hooked up with Ben "Bugsy" Seigel. He was a gangster, she an actress. He tried to get into films, while she embezzled from him. Can anyone deny the detective magazines of the 1930s fueled this art-imitates-life-imitates-art scenario?

In 1950 the vision of a smoking, wisecracking, gorgeous whore in a slit skirt spelled major trouble

The detective magazines entered the '40s flush with success and optimism, not knowing they were just two years from the end of their golden reign. With the bombing of Pearl Harbor and America's entrance into World War II they confronted two insurmountable obstacles that would bring about great change.

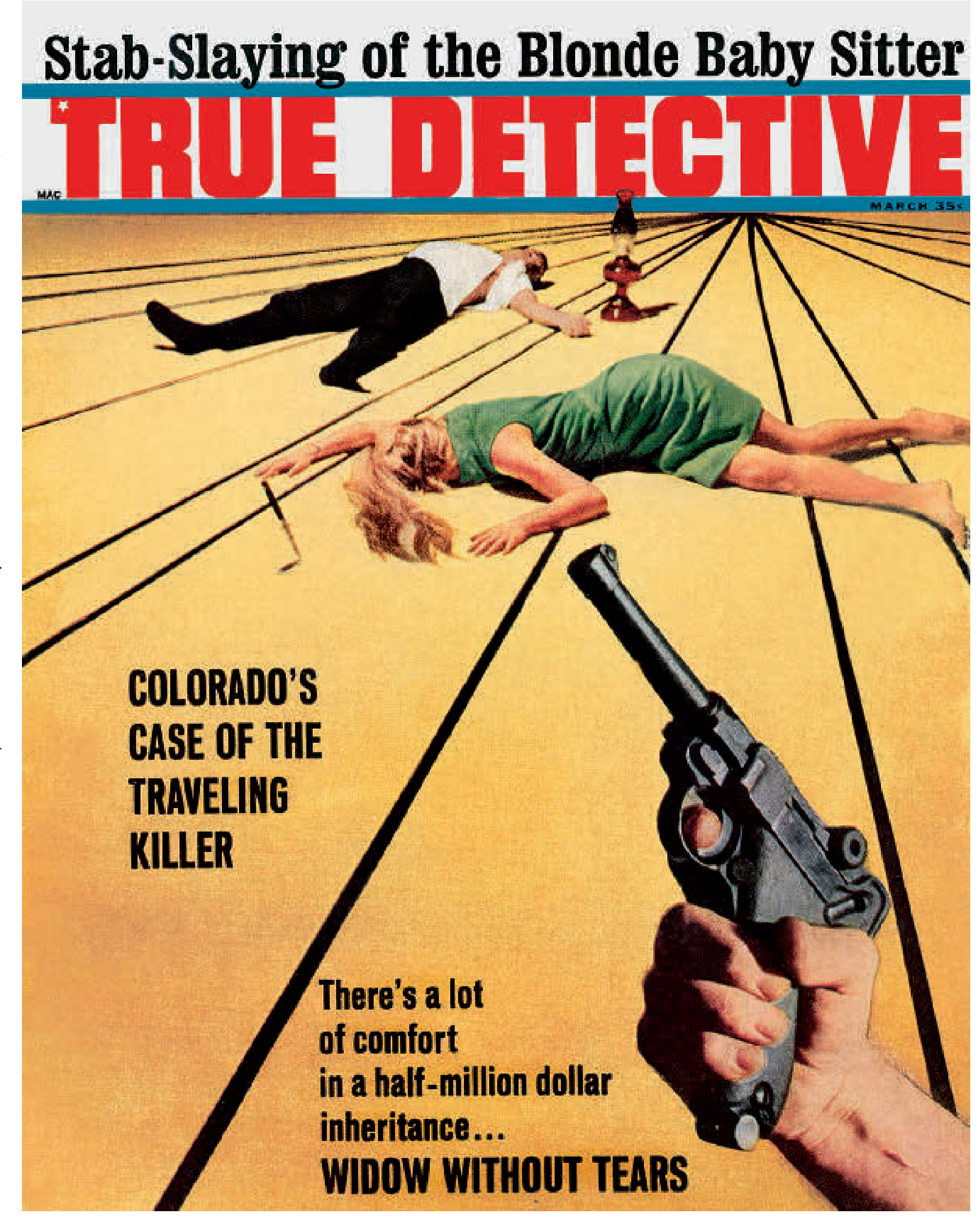
First, domestic crime lost its sparkle. Prohibition was repealed at the end of 1933 and when organized crime's cash cow dried up the sensational turf battles, hits and general corruption began winding down. By 1940 the mob was rarely front-page news.

The second blow was wartime paper rationing, which would forever change detective magazines for the worse. Government-mandated rationing forced most titles to switch to pulp paper and many titles to cease publishing for the duration, and in some cases for good. The most ruinous decision the publishers made was to stick with the pulp after the rationing ended. As publishers became accustomed to the savings of cheap paper they looked for other ways to economize. Less was spent on crime research and the magazines became not only less attractive but less relevant.

Then in January of 1947 a crime occurred that foreshadowed the direction of the genre for the remainder of its life span. The Black Dahlia murder case, in which the naked and mutilated body of a beautiful Hollywood starlet was found in a vacant lot in Los Angeles, riveted the detective readership. Horrible as it all was, the obvious sex appeal lurking in the back-story of this case was not lost on publishers struggling to hold a shrinking readership. Before the decade ended most titles had switched to stories with prurient fascination and were playing up the sexual angle in every possible crime.

For the collector of over-the-top, flagrantly sexual imagery the late 1940s through the 1950s represent the pinnacle for the detective titles. Earlier magazines were more beautifully printed, better written and featured cover art by fine artists, but not until the 1950s was the Bad Girl detective archetype refined to an icon.

Women in Crime, Crime Girls, Women on Trial, Ladies of the Underworld, Crime Confessions, Girl Spies, Sensational Exposés and Vice Squad were just a few of the femme fatale-baited '50s titles drilling home the concept of woman as temptress. In 1950 the vision of a smoking, wisecracking, gorgeous whore in a slit skirt and breast-hugging sweater (or, better yet, a taxi dancer's striped Bohemian leotard!) spelled major trouble. With full, flowing hair and the occasional beatnik beret, this tart and her pals glared defiantly from police line-ups, conned suckers in seamy bars and brandished the just-fired pistol at countless murder scenes. Even when she morphed into a teenage delinquent late in the decade she was all too alluring in her dungarees and leather jacket, lip curled with disdain, bouffant jutting skyward as the cops led her away. What was her crime? You name it, Joe. These dolls were guilty of everything from hanging around with JD hot rod rumblers to swinging hard at hophead parties. And don't even bother to ask why a beautiful, former choirgirl would be drawn to this degenerate underworld of crime and depravity. A mature man of the '50s, the typical detective magazine reader, knew the answer all too well. If not held tight in a restraining moral grip, if not penned at home by marriage, children and church, if not hogtied with girdles and aprons and single strands of ladylike pearls, any woman was capable of anything. One slip of the moral order and we'd be right back in Eden, one snake hiss away from disaster. Just ask the preacher man, my friend — all women are bad.

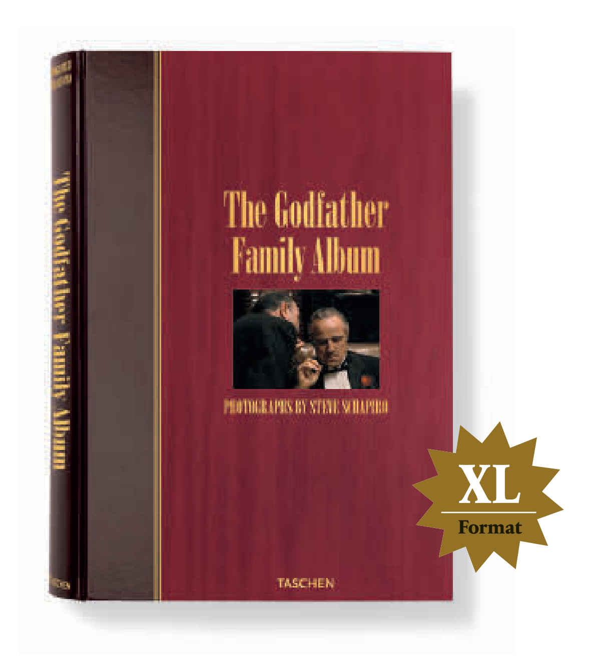


Opposite: from left to right: Women in Crime, *July 1949;* Sensation, *February 1942;* All-Fact Detective, *March 1943* ***Right:*** True Detective, *March 1966*

some moll. Never trust a woman, my boy." —TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, *May 1928*

An offer you can't refuse

Never-before-seen photos of Coppola's masterpiece



Opposite: *Marlon Brando is Don Vito Corleone. All photos on pages 39–45: Photographs courtesy Steve Schapiro, and copyright © 2008 Paramount Pictures Corporation.* The Godfather *is a registered trademark of the Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved.*

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Imagine the experience of witnessing renowned actors as they made their most memorable performances. Steve Schapiro has had such a privilege as special photographer on some of American cinema's most beloved movies. For Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather* trilogy, Schapiro immortalized actors such as Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, James Caan, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton. His photographs of the Godfather holding the cat and the whisper in the Godfather's ear have become iconic images known throughout the world. Brought together in a book for the first time is a vast selection of images from all three Godfather films, reproduced from Schapiro's original negatives.
This lavish, limited edition book, which also includes background articles and interviews about the films, contains over 400 color and black & white images, most of which have never been published before. It allows fans a privileged peek behind the scenes at the making of film history and it truly is a once-in-a-lifetime offer you can't refuse.

The photographer: **Steve Schapiro** is a distinguished journalistic photographer whose work is found in many museum collections and has been published in his books *American Edge* and *Schapiro's Heroes*. His photographs have appeared on the covers of most major magazines in the world, including *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Paris Match*, and the first *People* magazine cover. In Hollywood he has worked on more than 200 motion pictures; his most famous film posters are for *Midnight Cowboy*, *Taxi Driver*, *Parenthood*, and *The Godfather Part III*.

The editor: **Paul Duncan** has edited 40 film books for TASCHEN, and authored *Alfred Hitchcock* and *Stanley Kubrick* in the Film Series.

Text: Preface by Steve Schapiro. Articles by Mario Puzo, Nicholas Pileggi, Peter Biskind, and Eleanor Coppola. Interviews with Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, and Francis Ford Coppola.

 "TASCHEN bringt die besten, größtenteils unveröffentlichten Fotos in einem



monumentalen Bildband, der in seiner Pracht des ‚Paten' würdig ist." —GQ, *Munich*

“As a photographer, sometimes you just need to be a fly on the wall.”

—Steve Schapiro

When I first arrived on the set of *The Godfather* for a scene in New York’s Lower East Side, I had already heard the rumors that Marlon Brando was in bad health. The streets and surrounding tenements were teeming with onlookers; even the fire escapes were crammed with children and their grandmothers. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to catch a glimpse of the man who had been chosen to play Don Vito Corleone.

I had convinced *Life* magazine to do a “guaranteed” cover story on the *Godfather* film—something they did not ordinarily do—provided Paramount would grant *Life* the exclusive right to print the photographs before any other publication. Curiosity as to what Brando would look like in the film had already captured the public’s imagination, and Paramount’s plan was to keep everything as secretive as possible and to hold back on revealing Brando’s look until the film actually came out.

As I approached the set, the crew was setting up for the attempted assassination of the don. Coming closer I noticed a sallow-faced elderly man, wearing a worn coat and hat and talking in a low, frail voice to an assistant director. I suddenly realized that I was looking at Marlon Brando. My heart sank, and at that moment I thought all the bad-health rumors were true.

Then Brando suddenly turned away, facing the many spectators, and the electricity of a young man’s eyes shot out into the crowd. Brando turned back to the AD, and warned in his familiar dynamic voice, “Someone’s out there with a camera.” It was not until the farewell party, after production was finished, that I saw the real Marlon Brando—a smiling, handsome man in his 40s who had just accomplished one of the greatest tours de force in the world of acting.

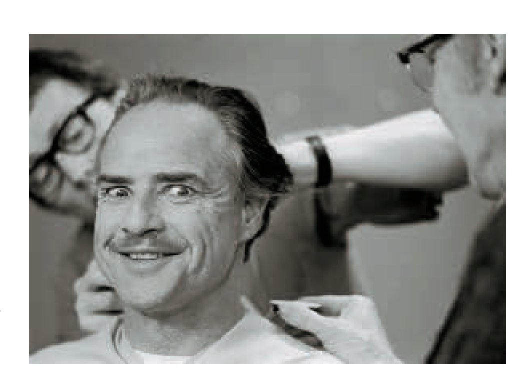
It is common knowledge that, at the time, no one thought this film would be an important film—or even a good one. It was rumored that Paramount executives were sending out their secretaries during lunchtime to buy copies of Mario Puzo’s novel, hoping the increased sales might influence the *New York Times* best-seller list and heighten public interest.

It is common knowledge that, at the time, no one thought this film would be an important film—or even a good one

It was uncertain whether there would be enough funding available to finish shooting, and days were removed from the shooting schedule because of the tight budget. The controversy had begun with casting and continued through every turn of the wheel. During the filming itself, there were days when I saw director Francis Ford Coppola unable to capture the respect—or even, it seemed, the attention—of some of his own assistant directors.

What emerged was not the two-dimensional New York gangster picture it might have been. Francis carefully chose the actors for their inner qualities and depth, and then allowed them to cultivate these emotions. As a result, deeper dimensions grew and came to life. The set was filled with humor, from practical jokes to the famous mooning episodes. The Coppola family worked like the Corleone family, and everyone melded together. Coppola also believed in the importance of props as a means toward authenticity. He knew that if he provided one of his actors with a prop as stimulus, the actor would make something out of it. With that in mind, Francis found a stray cat that had been running around the Filmways Studio and pushed it onto Brando’s lap, without comment, and let Brando develop it into what would become an epiphany for Don Corleone’s character—and, eventually, the logo for the film.

As a photographer, sometimes you just need to be a fly on the wall. Shooting the movie’s opening sequence in Don Corleone’s office meant working with a blimp (a metal box, sponge-foamed inside to muffle the still camera’s clicks), or waiting until the scene was finished so that it could be replayed for the still camera. My two most memorable images came from within those doors: Brando holding the cat, and Salvatore Corsitto, as Bonasera, whispering into the don’s ear. Both photographs have been used over and over again to iconize the movie, and are now familiar images throughout the world.



But there are also times when a photographer has license to shoot at will, looking for the candid moments. The organized chaos of the wedding-party scene offered a wonderful opportunity to capture the actors at work, and at play.

The set was filled with humor, from practical jokes to the famous mooning episodes

Behind the scenes, all the tricks of the trade are revealed, like the wiring-up of James Caan with gunpowder-filled brass casings and sacs of fake blood—all to be set off by remote control to create the illusion that the bullets are hitting him from a distance, riddling his body with bullet holes and blood.

During the filming of *The Godfather: Part II*, Gordon Willis, the cinematographer, seemed to be going for an Oscar. Usually it was almost noon before he would feel his lighting was ready for the first shot of the day. For a scene on a hotel balcony in the Dominican Republic, where Lee Strasberg sits with Al Pacino to cut the cake that symbolizes Cuba, the light continued to be just not quite right for four days. We remained there, doing the same scene over and over. One morning, I took Al Pacino around the corner of the balcony to do a portrait against a glass window. With some actors, I’ve had to jump up and down or even make bird sounds to get the appropriate look. Al, within half a roll, had given me anything I could ever ask for, and we were done.

In Sicily, it was like a merger of families—everyone had family there. My fondest memory is of Coppola’s mother coming out one morning dressed exactly like Francis—with a false beard, glasses, and the same brown corduroy jacket he always wore. They looked almost identical, together beneath the Corleone town sign.

During a film production, the still and “special” photographers are low men on the totem pole. They are thought to take time and energy away from the production, and their work is considered unessential to the finished film itself. Yet for The Great Gatsby, Paramount

 “Each book is crammed with stunning visuals of iconic images and

credited me with making $7 million for the company through my soft, romantic images, which appeared on many magazine covers and throughout the entire advertising campaign. (The film, though incredibly beautiful, was slow-moving and didn't inspire the necessary word of mouth to become a blockbuster.)

For *The Godfather: Part III*, besides shooting during scenes, my primary assignment was to create a poster to advertise the movie. It was decided while we were in Palermo, Italy, that I would photograph Al Pacino sitting in a hallway, with light streaming through the windows behind him, reflecting onto the floor. Dutifully, we set up for this shot at 9:00 A.M., with that wonderful light just the way I wanted it. And then we waited. And waited. And then we waited some more. The scene being filmed in the study was long, and Al was simply never available. Time continued to pass, and it was five o'clock that afternoon before Al was finally available for the photograph.

By that time, those special rays of light had passed us by. I had a strobe lamp coming from the side to illuminate Al himself, but the only way to light the window and the floor the way we had planned was to make a four-second timed exposure with the camera. Al Pacino is not exactly the sort of person who likes to sit still in a chair for very long. I would click open the camera shutter, the strobe light would go off—and so would Al. Before we could say anything, he was standing up, in a completely different position. He was double-exposed on the entire first roll of film I took.

With some actors, I've had to jump up and down or even make bird sounds to get the appropriate look

Finally, I explained in greater detail what we were up against. We cut back to a three-second exposure, Al sat still, and the photo came out as the poster image we had dreamed of, with hardly any retouching at all.

The Godfather trilogy is a story about love, honor, revenge, violence, family, and the handing down from one generation to the next. It strikes chords in all of us. It was a coming together of script, direction, actors, lighting, costume, and scenic design. I was very fortunate to see all this happen firsthand, along with the behind-the-scenes moments that made it an even more poignant event. I hope this book conveys at least a little bit of what I saw of *The Godfather*.

—*Steve Schapiro*, Chicago, 2008



***Opposite left**: During makeup sessions, Francis Ford Coppola (right) takes the opportunity to talk with his actors and revise the script.* ***Opposite right**: Smile for the camera, please, Mr. Brando.* ***Left**: Don Vito Corleone: A Man of Reason (Marlon Brando)* ***Pages 42–43**: Marlon Brando and Francis Ford Coppola choreograph the scene.*



 “To grasp the full significance of life is the actor's duty, to interpret it



is his problem, and to express it his dedication." —MARLON BRANDO



 “A lawyer with a briefcase can steal more than a thousand men with guns.” —MARIO PUZO

The Making of *The Godfather*

Excerpt from an essay by Mario Puzo



The big problem was to find someone to play Michael, really the most important part in the film. At one time Jimmy Caan seemed to have the role. He tested well. But he tested well for Sonny, the other Godfather son, and he tested well for Hagen. Hell, he could have played all three of them. Suddenly it looked like he wouldn't get any of them.

Robert Duvall tested for Hagen and he was perfect. Another actor was perfect for Sonny. That left Jimmy Caan for Michael but nobody was quite satisfied. Finally the name of Al Pacino came up. He had scored a smashing success in a New York play but nobody had seen him on film. Coppola got hold of a screen test Pacino had done for some Italian movie and showed it. I loved him. I gave Francis a letter saying that above all Pacino had to be in the film. He could use it at his discretion.

Coppola kept saying a good actor is a good actor. Pacino tested. The cameras were running

But there were objections. Pacino was too short, too Italian-looking. He was supposed to be the American in the family. He had to look a little classy, a little Ivy League. Coppola kept saying a good actor is a good actor. Pacino tested. The cameras were running. He didn't know his lines. He threw in his own words. He didn't understand the character at all. He was terrible. Jimmy Caan had done it 10 times better. After the scene was over I went up to Coppola and I said: "Give me my letter back."

"What letter?"

"The one I gave you saying I wanted Pacino."

Coppola shook his head. "Wait a while." Then he said, "The self-destructive bastard. He didn't even know his lines."

They tested Pacino all day. They coached him, they rehearsed him, they turned him inside out. They had it all on film. After a month of testing they had everybody on film. It was time to show it all in the Paramount screening room in the Gulf and Western Building.

__Opposite__: Don Michael Corleone __Above__: Don Michael Corleone: "I know it was you, Fredo. You broke my heart – you broke my heart!" __Right__: The family wedding photo: Tom, his wife Theresa (Tere Livrano), Fredo, Carlo, Connie, Mama Corleone, Don Vito, Sonny, his wife Sandra (Julie Gregg), Michael, Kay, and, at far right, Sonny's mistress, Lucy Mancini (Jeannie Linero).

Up to this time I had toyed with the idea of being a film mogul. Sitting in a screening room disabused me of the idea and gave me some real respect for the people in the business. Evans, Ruddy, Coppola, and others sat in the screening room day after day, hour after hour. I took it for a few sessions and that finished me off.

Some of the tests were terrible. Some of the scenes were terrible. Some were astonishingly good

Anyway, what goes on in the screening room is instructive. I had been amazed at how well the scenes played live, but they were not so effective on camera. There were tests of the girls who had tried for the part of Kay, the young girl role. There was one girl who wasn't right for the part but jumped off the screen at you. Everybody commented on her and Evans said, "We should do something with her—but I guess we never will." The poor girl never knew how close she came to fame and fortune. Nobody had the time for her just then. Hell, I did, but I wasn't a mogul.

Some of the tests were terrible. Some of the scenes were terrible. Some were astonishingly good. One scene Francis had used was a courtship scene between Kay and Michael. Francis had written it so that at one point Michael would kiss Kay's hand. I objected violently and Francis took it out. But in the tests every actor who tested kissed Kay's hand or nibbled on her fingers. Francis called out teasingly, "Mario, I didn't tell them to do that. How come they all kiss her hand?"

I knew he was kidding but it really irritated me. "Because they're actors, not gangsters," I said.

The irritation was not casual. I'd felt that Coppola in his rewrite had softened the characters.

On screen Pacino still didn't strike anybody—excepting Coppola—as right for the part of Michael. Coppola kept arguing. Finally Evans said, "Francis, I must say you're alone in this." Which I thought was the nicest "no" I'd ever heard. We would have to keep hunting for a Michael.

More tests were made of other people. No Michael. There was even talk of postponing the picture. Coppola kept insisting Pacino was the right man for the part (he never gave me back my letter). But it seemed to be a dead issue. One morning at a meeting with Evans and Charles Bluhdorn I said I thought Jimmy Caan could do it. Bluhdorn, head of Gulf and Western, which owned Paramount Pictures, thought Charlie Bronson could do it. Nobody paid any attention to him. Stanley Jaffe got so pissed off watching the tests of unknowns in the screening room that when asked his opinion, he jumped up and said, "You guys really wanta know? I think you got the worst bunch of lampshades I've ever seen." For days he had been patiently and quietly viewing stuff he hated without saying a word. So everybody understood.

All this astounded me. Nothing I had ever read about Hollywood had prepared me for this. Jesus, talk about democracy. Nobody was cramming anybody down anybody's throat. I was beginning to feel it was my movie as much as anybody's.

I had to go away for a week. When I came back, Al Pacino had the part of Michael, Jimmy Caan had the part of Sonny. The guy who had the part of Sonny was out. John Ryan, who tested better than anybody for the important role of Carlo Rizzi, was out. Even though he supposedly had been told he had the role. Ryan was so stunning in his tests of the part that I did something I had never done: I sought him out to tell him how great he played the part. He was replaced by a guy named Russo who had some sort of radio showbiz background in Las Vegas. I never found out what happened. I would guess Coppola and the Paramount brass horse-traded. I never got in on the horse trading. For some reason I had never thought of that solution.



"Finance is a gun. Politics is knowing when to pull the trigger." —MARIO PUZO



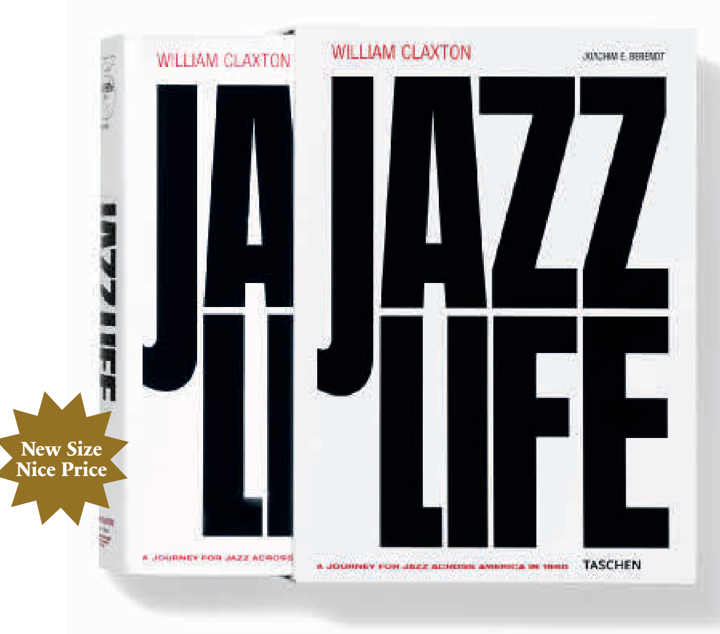
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"... surely the most thorough and imaginative visual record of American jazz at mid-century that we'll ever see."

—Newsweek, *New York*



William Claxton (right) and Benedikt Taschen in front of the TASCHEN office on Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, 2005. Photo © Eric Kroll



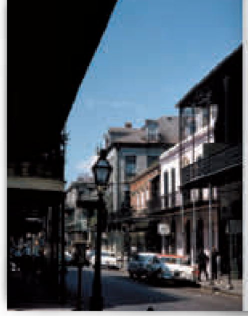
WILLIAM CLAXTON. JAZZLIFE

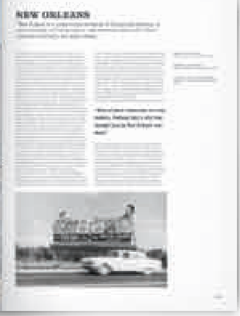
Photos: William Claxton / Text: Joachim E. Berendt
Hardcover in a slipcase, format: 24.5 x 34.2 cm (9.6 x 13.5 in.), 552 pp.

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Opposite: *Mahalia Jackson performing in her home on Chicago's South Side, Chicago, Illinois. Photo © 2008 William Claxton*

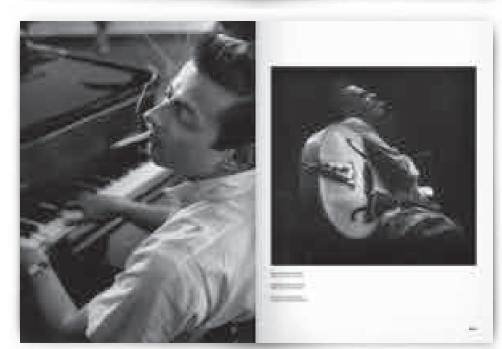






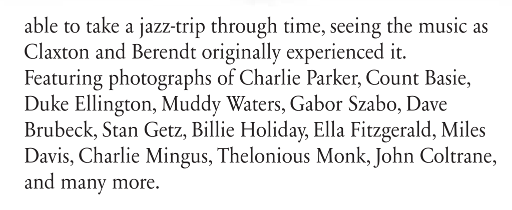












In 1960, photographer William Claxton and noted German musicologist Joachim Berendt traveled the United States hot on the trail of jazz music. The result of their collaboration was an amazing collection of photographs and recordings of legendary artists as well as unknown street musicians.
The book *Jazzlife*, the original fruit of their labors, has become a collector's item that is highly treasured among jazz and photography fans. In 2003, TASCHEN began reassembling this important collection of material—along with many never-before-seen color images from those trips. They are brought together in this updated volume, which includes a foreword by William Claxton tracing his travels with Berendt and his love affair with jazz music in general. Jazz fans will be delighted to be able to take a jazz-trip through time, seeing the music as Claxton and Berendt originally experienced it.
Featuring photographs of Charlie Parker, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Muddy Waters, Gabor Szabo, Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, and many more.

The photographer: **William Claxton** began his career shooting jazz record cover art. His iconic images of Chet Baker, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Billie Holiday and many others reflect his preeminence among photographers of jazz music. Claxton worked for many of the biggest publishers, including *Life*, *Paris Match*, and *Vogue* magazines. His work has been shown in galleries around the world, and his photographic prints are now sought after by collectors of fine art photography.

The author: **Joachim E. Berendt** was a founding member of South West German Radio (Südwestfunk) and produced more than 250 records. In 1953, he first published *Das Jazzbuch*, which became the most successful history book on jazz worldwide. His collection of records, books, and jazz documents form the basis of the Jazzinstitut Darmstadt. Berendt died in an accident in 2000. His contributions to jazz are internationally recognized to this day.

expressive jazz photography ever seen." —JAZZWISE MAGAZINE, *London*

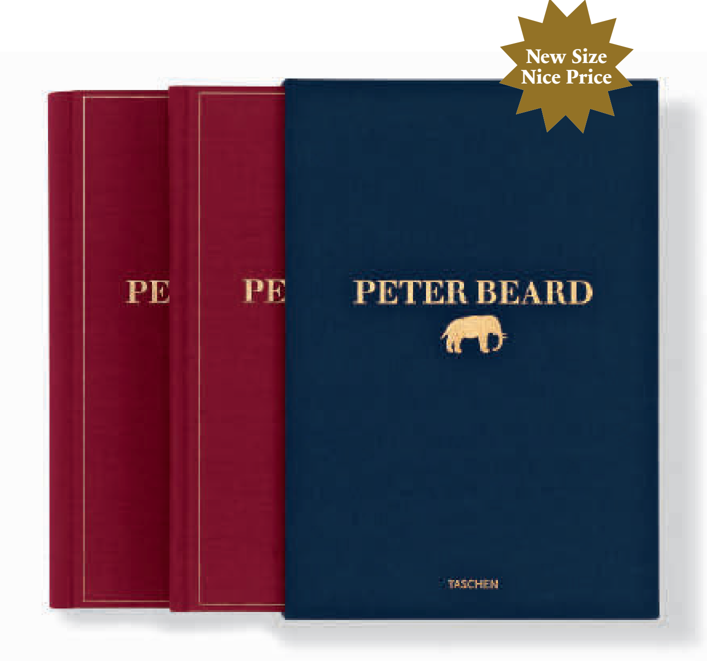


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PETER BEARD

Ed. Nejma Beard, David Fahey / Art direction: Ruth Ansel / Texts: Owen Edwards, Steven M.L. Aronson / Hardcover, 2 vols. in a cloth slipcase, format: 21.8 x 31.6 cm (8.6 x 12.4 in.), 784 pp.

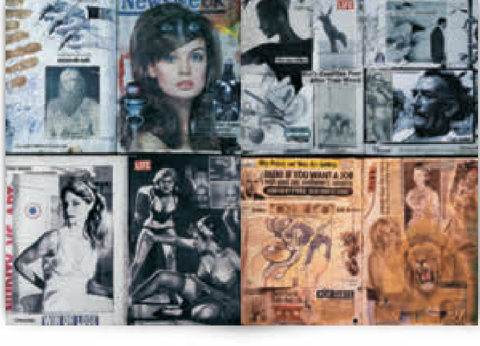


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Opposite: Veruschka Rhino Roping in Darajani, *1964*
Pages 50–51: Janice on Diaries Since the Mill Fire, NYC, 1986, with Seven Diaries, *1960s–1990s*
All photos © 2008 Peter Beard
Left: *Peter Beard, Aberdare Moorlands, Kenya, 1966*







Photographer, collector, diarist, and writer of books Peter Beard has fashioned his life into a work of art; the illustrated diaries he kept from a young age evolved into a serious career as an artist and earned him a central position in the international art world. He was painted by Francis Bacon, painted on by Salvador Dalí, and made diaries with Andy Warhol; he toured with Truman Capote and the Rolling Stones, created books with Jacqueline Onassis and Mick Jagger—all of whom are brought to life, literally and figuratively, in his work. As a fashion photographer, he took *Vogue* stars like Veruschka to Africa and brought new ones—most notably Iman—back to the U.S. with him.
His love affair with natural history and wildlife, which informs most of his work, began when he was a teenager. He had read the books of Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen) and after spending time in Kenya and befriending the author, bought a piece of land near hers. It was the early 1960s and the big game hunters led safaris, with all the colonial elements Beard had read about in *Out of Africa* characterizing the open life and landscape, but the times were changing. Beard witnessed the dawn of Kenya's population explosion, which challenged finite resources and stressed animal populations—including the starving elephants of Tsavo, dying by the tens of thousands in a wasteland of eaten trees. So he documented what he saw—with diaries, photographs, and collages. He went against the wind in publishing unique and sometimes shocking books of these works. The corpses were laid bare; the facts were carefully written down, sometimes in type, often by hand, occasionally with blood.
Peter Beard's most important collages are included, along with hundreds of smaller-scale works and diaries, magnified to show every detail—from Beard's meticulous handwriting and old-masters-inspired drawings to stones and bones and bits of animals pasted to the page.

The artist: Born in New York City in 1938, **Peter Beard** began taking photographs and keeping diaries from early childhood. By the time he graduated from Yale University, he had developed a keen interest in Africa. Throughout the 1960s and '70s he worked in Tsavo Park, the Aberdares, and Lake Rudolf in Kenya's northern frontier. His first show came in 1975 at the Blum Helman Gallery, and was followed in 1977 by the landmark installation of elephant carcasses, burned diaries, taxidermy, African artifacts, books and personal memorabilia at New York's International Center for Photography. In addition to creating original artwork, Beard has also worked as a *Vogue* photographer and collaborated on projects with Andy Warhol, Andrew Wyeth, Richard Linder, Terry Southern, Truman Capote, and Francis Bacon. In 1996, shortly after Beard was trampled by an elephant, his first major retrospective took place at the Centre National de la Photographie in Paris, France, followed by shows in Berlin, London, Milan, Stockholm, Tokyo, and Vienna, among others. He lives in New York City, Long Island, and Kenya with his wife, Nejma, and daughter, Zara.

safaris, and vintage shots of the handsome photographer." —VANITY FAIR, *New York*



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Opposite*: Still from* Strait-Jacket, *1964*













Horror is both the most perennially popular and geographically diverse of all film genres; arguably, every country that makes movies makes horror movies of one kind or another. Depicting deep-rooted, even archetypal fears, while at the same time exploiting socially and culturally specific anxieties, cinematic horror is at once timeless and utterly of its time and place. This exciting new visual history, which includes unique images from the David Del Valle archive, examines the genre in thematic, historical, and aesthetic terms, breaking it down into the following fundamental categories: Slashers & Serial Killers; Cannibals, Freaks & Hillbillys; Revenge of Nature & Environmental Horror; Sci-fi Horror; The Living Dead; Ghosts & Haunted Houses; Possession, Demons & Evil Tricksters; Voodoo, Cults & Satanists; Vampires & Werewolves; and The Monstrous-Feminine. Among the many films featured are classics such as *Psycho*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Alien*, *The Exorcist*, *Dracula*, and *The Wicker Man*.

The editor: **Paul Duncan** has seen lots of films and read lots of comics and books. He wanted to share his enthusiasm for these subjects so he published magazines about comics *(Ark)* and crime fiction *(Crime Time)* before launching a series of small film guides *(Pocket Essentials)*. He has edited more than 30 film books for TASCHEN, and authored *Alfred Hitchcock* and *Stanley Kubrick* in the Film Series.

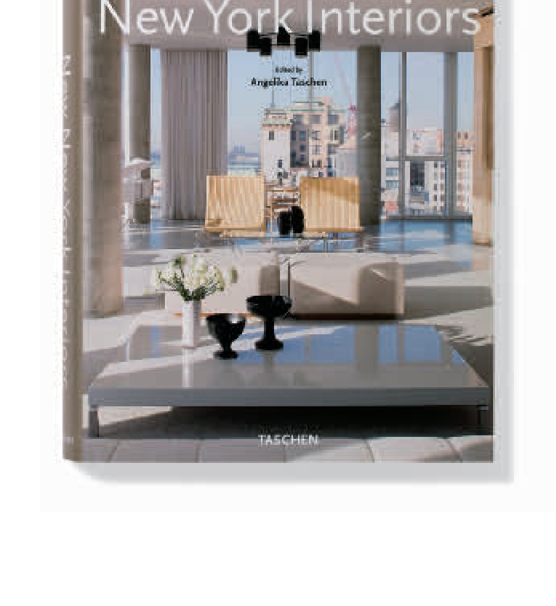
The authors: **Jonathan Penner** has written for movies, television, magazines, and blogs, and has worked extensively as an actor, screenwriter, and producer. His film credits include the cult classic *The Last Supper*, the Hamlet-inspired *Let the Devil Wear Black* and the short film for which he was Oscar-nominated, *Down on the Waterfront*.
Steven Jay Schneider received his MA in Philosophy from Birkbeck College, University of London, and is a Ph.D candidate in Cinema Studies at New York University. He is the author or editor of numerous books on film.



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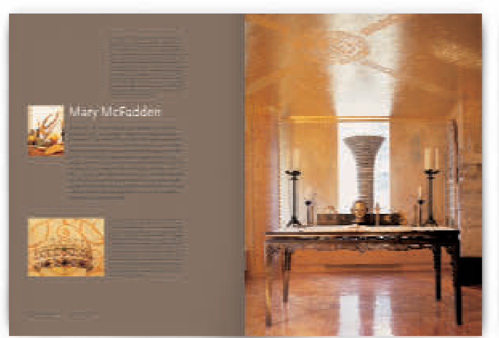


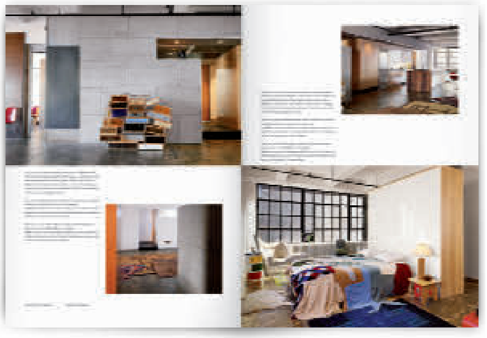
***Opposite**: Cary Leibowitz. Photo © Jason Schmidt **Page 56**: **Top left**: Night shot from Columbus Circle. Photo © Jason Schmidt **Top right**: Columbus Circle. Photo © Jason Schmidt **Bottom**: Julianne Moore & Bart Freundlich. Photo © Pieter Estersohn **Page 57**: **Top**: Jonathan Leitersdorf. Photo © Bärbel Miebach/baerbelmiebach.com **Bottom**: Vanessa del Rio. Photo © Pieter Estersohn*

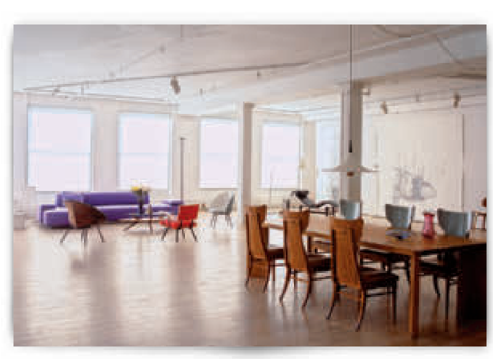
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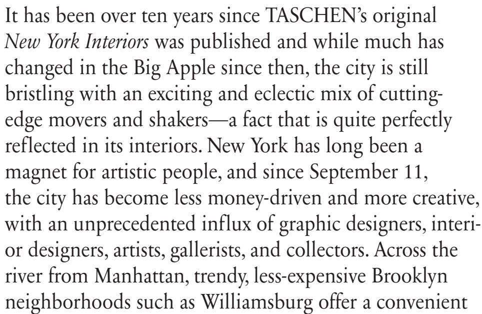




It has been over ten years since TASCHEN's original *New York Interiors* was published and while much has changed in the Big Apple since then, the city is still bristling with an exciting and eclectic mix of cutting-edge movers and shakers—a fact that is quite perfectly reflected in its interiors. New York has long been a magnet for artistic people, and since September 11, the city has become less money-driven and more creative, with an unprecedented influx of graphic designers, interior designers, artists, gallerists, and collectors. Across the river from Manhattan, trendy, less-expensive Brooklyn neighborhoods such as Williamsburg offer a convenient taste of life just outside the fast lane. Hand-picked by editor Angelika Taschen, this spanking new collection of interiors explores an array of homes as dizzying as the diversity of the New Yorkers themselves. Peek into the apartments of artist Terence Koh, artist and director Julian Schnabel, musician Rufus Wainwright, porn diva Vanessa del Rio, and actress Julianne Moore—among many others—to get an idea of the myriad and marvelous ways New Yorkers love to live.

The editor: **Angelika Taschen** studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

Texts: **Peter Webster** is a freelance editor and writer specializing in design, architecture, culture, and travel, who has contributed to *Interior Design* and *Travel + Leisure*. He is a former editor at *Departures*, *House Beautiful*, *Elle Décor*, and, most recently, editor-in-chief of *Absolute* magazine. Born in New Zealand, he now lives in Brooklyn, New York.



artistic or plain eccentric New Yorkers." —HOUSE & GARDEN, *London*



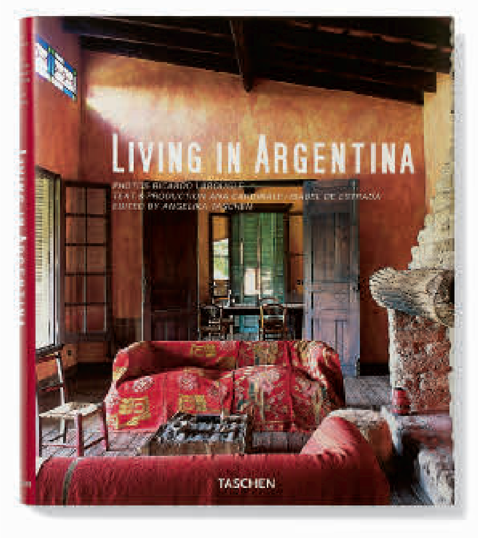
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inspires awe and envy in equal measure." —ATTITUDE, *London, on* New New York Interiors

South American splendor

A delirious romp through Argentina's most beautiful and exceptional interiors



LIVING IN ARGENTINA

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Photos: Ricardo Labougle / Text and production: Ana Cardinale, Isabel de Estrada / Hardcover, format: 26 x 30.2 cm (10.2 x 11.9 in.), 200 pp.

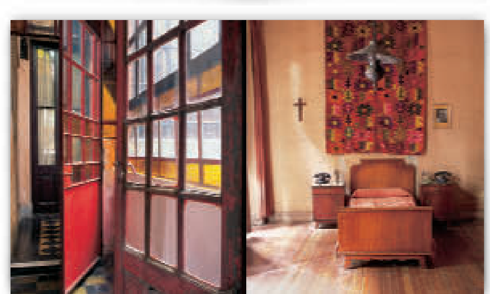
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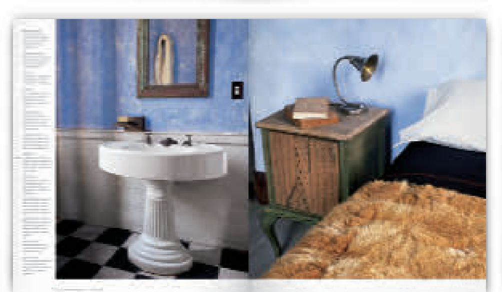
Opposite: *Susana Gronda, Volcán*

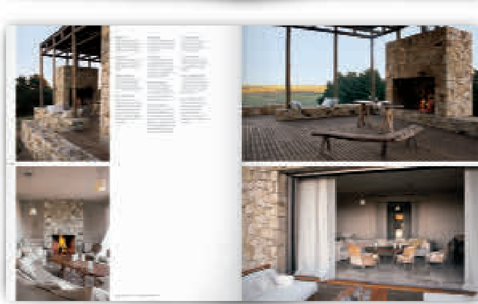












Argentina considers itself the most European of South American countries, and with good reason. The Argentineans have a strong connection to the old world; their achievements in design, filmmaking, literature, music, and art place them firmly in today's global culture spotlight. When it comes to decorating, they have a great talent for bringing together the old and the new, with subtle touches of color and rich textiles, and incorporating the country's beautiful landscapes in their architectural palette. Editor Angelika Taschen invites readers to pore over this selection of houses, apartments, ranches, polo grounds, and more, including an opulent century-old opera house where Maria Callas sang as well as the homes of Francis Mallmann, the country's most famous chef, Xul Solar, painter and close friend of the great Argentinean writer Jorge Luis Borges, and Juan Gatti, graphic designer for Pedro Almodóvar.

The editor: **Angelika Taschen** studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

The photographer: Born in Argentina, **Ricardo Labougle** left a promising career as an economist to become a photographer. He made his name shooting design and architecture for titles such as *The World of Interiors*, *AD*, *Vogue*, *Elle Decor*, *Monocle* and other publications. His work has been exhibited in galleries in Europe and South America.

Text and production: **Ana Cardinale** is a regular contributor to *Elle Decor Italia*, *Elle Décoration France*, *Madame Figaro*, *The World of Interiors*, *AD France*, and *AD España*. **Isabel de Estrada** publishes in magazines around the world, including *The World of Interiors*, *Casa Vogue*, *Elle*, AD France, and AD España.

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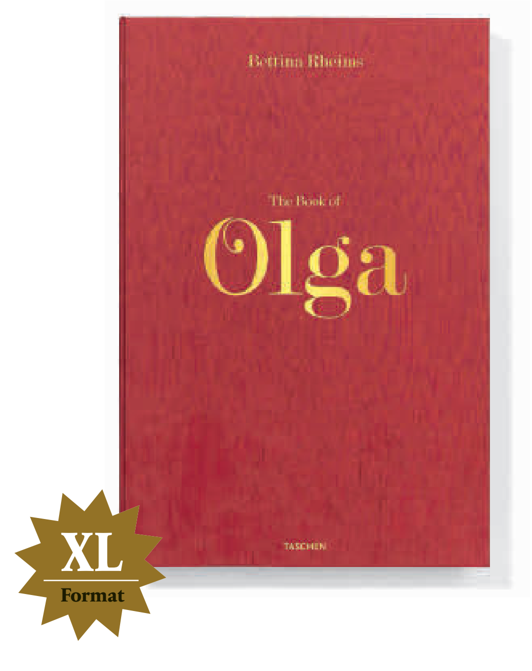
to supply you with exotic interior inspiration." —UTOPIA, *London, on Living in Bahia*

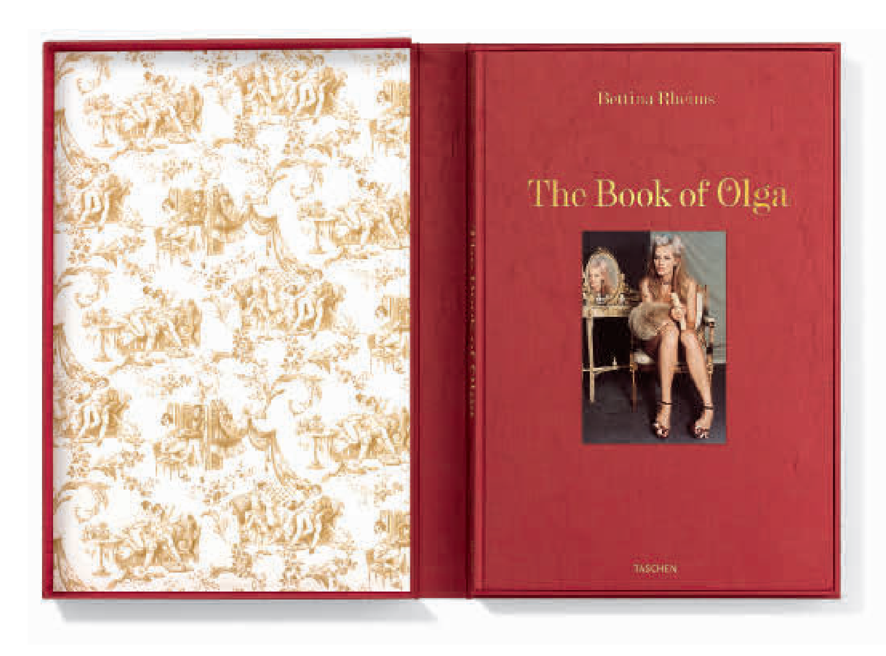


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Fantasy wife

Via Bettina Rheims, a Russian oligarch introduces his lovely wife to the world



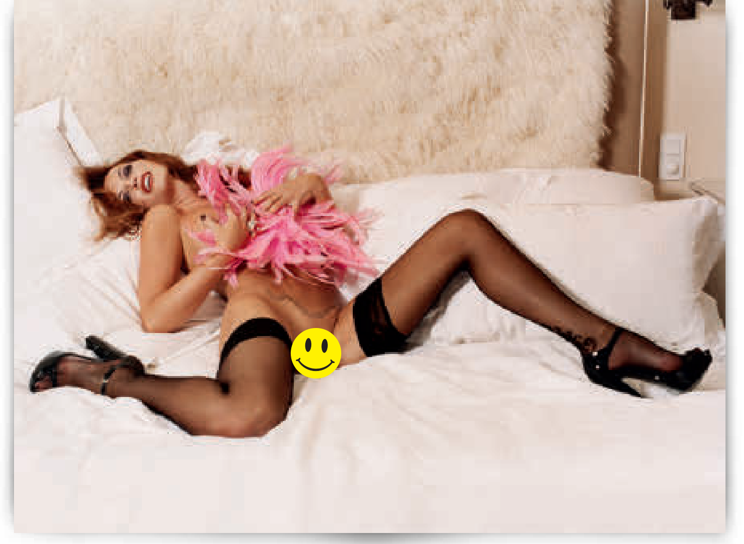


BETTINA RHEIMS. THE BOOK OF OLGA
Photos: Bettina Rheims / Catherine Millet / Hardcover in a cloth-covered clamshell box, format: 29.2 x 43.7 cm (11.5 x 17.2 in.), 154 pp.
Limited to 1,000 copies, each numbered and signed by Bettina Rheims.

€ 350 / $ 500
£ 300 / ¥ 70,000

The actual book is completely smiley-free!





Femme fatale Olga Rodionov is a well-known beauty who moves in Moscow's fashion and jet set circles. When her adoring husband, a powerful Russian oligarch, sought to have special portraits made of his wife, he asked none other than Bettina Rheims—an unusual request for a photographer of Rheims's stature. Rheims was captivated by Olga's unique aura and felt excited by the challenge of finding aesthetic ways of doing the portraits so that they didn't feel like run of the mill pornography. The first shoot took place in Rheims's country home and Olga's husband was so pleased with the images that he suggested they produce a book with Olga as the star. A second shoot followed, in black and white with a sado-masochistic décor and other men and women playing slightly perverse sex games with Olga. A third, Marie-Antoinette-inspired shoot took place entirely in the studio. Rheims succeeded in finding a variety of ways to depict one subject with a continuous freshness and intrigue; *The Book of Olga* represents the most delectable fruits of her success. With over one hundred images, as well as an introduction by French author Catherine Millet, this unique book is both a love song and an artistic statement.

The photographer: **Bettina Rheims** devoted herself wholly to photography in 1978. In the past three decades she has produced many major series of works for books and exhibitions. In 2007 she was awarded the Légion d'Honneur for her artistic achievement.

The contributing author: **Catherine Millet** is editor-in-chief and co-founder of *Art Press*. She is also a curator and the author of many books, including *La vie sexuelle de Catherine M.* (2001).

Approaching Olga: the women behind and in front of the camera

By Catherine Millet

Why is that I think spontaneously of Jean Fouquet's marmorean *Virgin with Child* (circa 1450, Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Antwerp) when I see the photographs that will constitute *The Book of Olga*? Is it because the curves of the modern Olga, as revealed by Bettina Rheims, remind me of the absolutely perfect globe of the breast of Agnès Sorel, the favourite of Charles VII of France, who lent her features to this Virgin? Is it the azure blue of the sky and the vermilion of the handsome car, matching the model's lipstick, that strike me here and awaken my memory of the impact of Fouquet's *Virgin*, set between two rows of angels, one of which seems, strangely enough, to have been soaked in a bath of red dye, the other in a bath of blue? And did not Bettina Rheims once tell an interviewer that she has "always been fascinated by representations of the Virgin"? Or is it the lowered eyes of Agnès Sorel, lost in a vision that seems to carry her beyond her own beauty and even the child that she is barely holding on to with the tips of her fingers, which mix in my mind with those of Olga, who is sometimes so deeply lost in her dreams that she seems to be absent from her magnificent body and also from the provocative staging to which the photographer has subjected her body? Whatever the reason, the paradoxical art of Bettina Rheims, who allows us to approach the most joyous excesses of colour, exhibitionism and voyeurism, the better to transport us elsewhere, into a place where eroticism is one with humour and deep humanity, is illustrated to particularly telling effect in this work.

The photographs were commissioned by a husband proud of his wife's beauty, and who loves to have major photographers capture that pulchritude and exhibit it to the public

For all this, there was no guarantee that the game would be won. And when I say "game", I am simply reprising the metaphor used by the artist herself. Bettina explained her way of doing things to me as follows: "All the elements of the 'envelope' are determined in advance, the setting is chosen or composed for the shots, the clothes that the model will wear, her hair, to get her in the right state. In my mind I have a very precise idea of the person, but only a hazy one of what she must do. I may get the feeling that I am getting nowhere, and yet I am making progress. It's like a game of tennis. I serve. The other person gets it, or maybe doesn't. I wait. She returns. I use what other people bring me but I don't know in advance what that will be, because most of the time I photograph people I've not met before. The game develops as it goes along. The day before, there's always the fear that this time things won't work out. One might think it gets easier and easier, but it doesn't because, it seems to me, what I'm looking for gets less and less spectacular. I'm following a thread that's getting finer and finer, and it occurs to me that one day there won't even be a thread any more. Still, I'll keep walking." Now, when it came to making these three sets of photographs showing the metamorphosis of the model into three different characters, sometimes with hardly anything in common—the pin-up, the 18th-century marquise and the dominatrix/slave in an MS session—the game was even more risky than usual because this time there were three players!

The circumstances surrounding these photographs, unprecedented for this artist, were as follows: they were commissioned by a husband proud of his wife's beauty, and who loves to have major photographers capture that pulchritude and exhibit it to the public. In this he is simply illustrating the fundamental law of the circulation of desire which ordains the presence of a witness or indeed of as many witnesses as possible. "Eroticism begins with the third party", as Salvador Dalí used to say. Even kings were subject to this law: to the best of our knowledge, Charles VII did not object to his mistress being represented as an in-decent Virgin, and nor did Henri II balk at his official mistress, Diane de Poitiers, being identified as a naked *Diana the Huntress* (circa 1550, Musée du



 "Troïka de charme. Un très chic recueil de photographies érotiques réalisées par la non

Louvre, Paris), or Henri IV demur when his lover, Gabrielle d'Estrées, appeared with her sister, both of them hieratically nude from the waist up, in one of the most fascinating paintings of all time (circa 1594, also Musée du Louvre, Paris). We may even suppose that the kings saw these images as presenting History with evidence of another kind of power and wealth, in addition to the power and wealth represented in official portraits.

What struck me at once when I met Olga and her husband was the tranquil self-assurance with which they both went about staging their desire and publishing the images that reveal it



Of course, conditions today are very different from those in the times of the absolute monarchs. Whatever the power afforded by his work and fortune, the citizen of a democratic society is exposed to the gaze and judgement of his fellow citizens. To this must be added the fact that today wives are also mistresses. Our modern conception of marriage and love no longer makes the same distinction between the mother of one's legitimate children and the woman with whom one shares sensual pleasures, which means that to exhibit the latter is also to exhibit the person who officially accompanies you in all the circumstances of social life, and that requires a lot more nerve. What struck me at once when I met Olga and her husband was the tranquil self-assurance with which they both went about staging their desire and publishing the images that reveal it. In their own country they have been attacked and taken to court on the grounds that they supposedly offended the religious beliefs of certain citizens (that reminds me of the problems Bettina Rheims had with conservative Christians over her *I.N.R.I.* series of photographs). They defended themselves and have continued, and will continue to assert the rights of individual freedom in this sphere.
Besides, it is not as if we were expected to confuse these images with real people. When I asked Olga if she didn't feel embarrassed to appear in these erotic compositions, she told me she didn't, because it was all a game, and the person we see in the photographs is not really her, but a character. This woman who poses in a red waspie, who bestrides a young man on all fours and tears her fishnet tights to reveal a jewel attached to one of her labia, is well endowed with common sense. She knows better than many supposedly level-headed women and men who believe hysterically that they are being robbed of a part of themselves when someone takes a photo, that an image is only an illusion. As to those who think they know something about her person because they have seen her body from top to bottom and back to front, I would ask them to look carefully at the last pages of the book. In the penultimate photo, Olga is naked and stands with her hands behind her back, leaning modestly against a wall, with no artifice other than the mask over her face. As for the last photo, it is Rheims's clever homage to Gustave Courbet: Olga has taken the pose of *The Origin of the World*: thighs, sex and torso, without the head. These two images are contradictory: the reserved postures of a schoolgirl in one, and the open display of flesh in the other, but in both the body abandons itself precisely when the person dwelling within it absents herself, in collusion with the person making the images. Bettina tells me that as a general rule she can "only work when the other person has desire. It is their desire that elicits mine". How then did she react in the situation that concerns us here, when asked to respond to the desire of two people who, although united in marriage, will always be two distinct individuals? Bettina asked the husband not to attend the photography sessions, but we can imagine the weight of his virtual presence: he was the patron who, as Bettina attests, showed total respect for the artist's freedom and encouraged her to be bold; and he was without a doubt the main spectator to whom the model's poses were addressed. But what was the model thinking of when, whip in hand, her face expressed infinite gentleness? Or when, with a dildo replacing the whip, she seemed to be deep in conversation with her best friend? "We became friends", confides Bettina.

This woman who poses in a red waspie, who bestrides a young man on all fours and tears her fishnet tights to reveal a jewel attached to one of her labia, is well endowed with common sense

For many years now, Bettina Rheims has been working in an enigmatic region of eroticism. She likes to twist the eternal stereotypes, which of course means male stereotypes: here, the pin-up covered in diamonds—complete with cigar!—, there the marquise with her appetites and perversity, or the body as object chained and bound. This has brought its share of criticism from feminists, and yet (as I myself can confirm), and perhaps because of her displaced treatment of those stereotypes, sometimes her works move women more than they do men. How did she manage, then, in this particular situation, when her work subverting the clichés of desire put her in the position of go-between, in the middle of a man's and a woman's desire, of the kind of interplay whose protagonists are, as we know, very possibly not fully aware of their ultimate goals? Does one always measure the extent of one's expectations? Does one really know what one is after when one expresses one's desire, however freely one does so? These were the kind of questions faced by the artist.
Regarding the accessories that she put in her model's hands, Bettina admits straight out that "at first I would have preferred her to really use them". However, she quickly understood that she would have to work with the model's own distance, and so she began dressing Olga like a cabaret dancer and getting her to play with apples, on the lawn, like a little girl, and put a young man at her feet, and another in her arms, and at the same time captured the fixed look she gave her, and thrust her against a wall in a posture of abandoning herself to pleasure, getting from her the most luminous expression in the whole book. Such is the ambiguity of Bettina Rheims's action in exposing the women she photographs—exposing them to the risks of these games of seduction and to our gaze, while affirming that "I was protecting her".
In fact, this ambiguity is typical of this artist, who has photographed respectable young women in states of undress like those of prostitutes, or icons of beauty with their bodies covered with sweat or bruises, or symbols of life that turn out to be stuffed animals, or again, the mutant bodies of those who have chosen to change sex. She has understood that this is what she does: show equivocal moments, but show them raw.

moins chic Bettina Rheims à la demande d'un russe très amoureux de sa femme." —LE POINT, *Paris*



 “Lovingly reworked into a single huge volume by TASCHEN. Its beautifully

Google Earth's ancestor: a snapshot of urban life, circa 1600

History's most opulent collection of town maps and illustrations

Printed from a rare and superbly preserved original set of six volumes, belonging to the Historische Museum in Frankfurt

***Opposite**: The fire at the Venetian Doge's palace in 1577*

GEORG BRAUN AND FRANZ HOGENBERG
CITIES OF THE WORLD
COMPLETE EDITION OF THE COLOUR PLATES OF 1572–1617

Introduction: Stephan Füssel / Foreword: Rem Koolhaas / Hardcover, 2 fold-out posters, **XL-format**: 29 x 42 cm (11.4 x 17.3 in.), 504 pp.

€ 150 / $ 200 / £ 120 / ¥ 30,000





More than four centuries after the first volume was originally published in Cologne, Braun and Hogenberg's magnificent collection of town map engravings, *Civitates orbis terrarum*, has been brought back to life with this reprint taken from a rare and superbly preserved original set of six volumes, belonging to the Historische Museum in Frankfurt. Produced between 1572 and 1617—just before the extensive devastation wreaked by the Thirty Years' War—the work contains 564 plans, bird's-eye views, and map views of all major cities in Europe, plus important cities in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Edited and annotated by theologian and publisher Georg Braun, and largely engraved by cartographer Franz Hogenberg, the *Civitates* was intended as a companion volume for Abraham Ortelius's 1570 world atlas, *Theatrum orbis terrarum*. Over a hundred different artists and cartographers contributed to the sumptuous artwork, which not only shows the towns but also features additional elements, such as figures in local dress, ships, ox-drawn carts, courtroom scenes, and topographical details, that help convey the situation, commercial power, and political importance of the towns they accompany.

The *Civitates* gives us a comprehensive view of urban life at the turn of the 17th century. TASCHEN's reprint includes all of the city plates, accompanied by selected extracts from Braun's texts on the history and contemporary significance of each urban center as well as translations of the Latin cartouches. A detailed commentary places each city map in its cartographical and cultural context, and examines earlier sources and later editions. Rounding off this comprehensive publication is a separate introductory essay examining the *Civitates* in its cultural and historical context. From Paris and London to Cairo and Jerusalem, readers will find many a familiar city to zoom back in time to and explore—in fact, many of the maps can still be used for orientation in historical town centers today.

The author: **Stephan Füssel** is director of the Institute of the History of the Book at the Johannes Gutenberg University of Mainz, and holder of the Gutenberg Chair at the same university. He has published widely on printing. Füssel is also the editor of TASCHEN's *Chronicle of the World* and *Luther Bible*.

With a foreword by Rem Koolhaas

illustrated maps are bordered by ancient symbols and cherubs." —THE WEEK, *London, on* Atlas Maior



“A vast and beguiling tome. Any one of the reproductions could be

CITIES OF THE WORLD

Green, red, blue—three colours dominate the images

By Rem Koolhaas

It is impossible to read and look at this book without feeling profound awe and intense envy. Awe of a small team of editors, engravers and eyewitnesses and their ability to synthesize an incredible amount of knowledge and information concerning more than 450 cities, including their plans, history, situation, raison d'être, landmarks and customs, to create a comprehensive portrait of the world in just six volumes.

Based on a reduced generic representation of house, alley, street, square, church, palace and fortification, every portrait effortlessly reveals the unique qualities of each of these settlements with an artless efficiency that has become unthinkable. Half a millennium later, our cities have become monstrous: too endless to represent, endlessly complicated, largely dysfunctional. Yet, we cling to Braun's confident mottos on the frontispiece: "community, security, affluence, harmony…"

Three colours dominate the images: green—the land; red—the city; and blue—the water, with its promise of interconnectedness. Half of the cities are landlocked—often in idyllic locations; the other half open up to the sea. Perhaps 1576 is a transition point from a feudal/religious order to a more mercantile, market-driven modernity. The stability of the landlocked versus the liquidity of the coastal cities: an ominous foreboding of the future chaos the centrifugal forces of globalization will unleash. Five hundred years later, red would be the only colour left.

As in the current moment, the book maintains a constant awareness of the impact of religion on urban culture: not only does the Reformation challenge previous harmony, but in Damascus, for instance, Christian myth cohabits with Islamic practice in a still fertile communication. But Braun is worried, deeply aware that multiple values can tear cities apart.

Finally, the accumulated insight and knowledge that these volumes represent stand in stark contrast to the current virtual ubiquity of information: our navigation systems make the world tangible and incredibly concrete; they enable us not to know and to forget.

"Every portrait effortlessly reveals the unique qualities of each of these settlements with an artless efficiency. Half a millennium later, our cities have become monstrous."

***Opposite**: Navale battle; detail from the view of Wismar, Germany **Below**: Tuna fishing near Cadiz; detail from the view of Cadiz, Spain*



Cities frozen in time: The evolution of city iconography in the early modern era

By Stephan Füssel



"Kindly and most esteemed reader, we hereby place on the market the next book of the most noble cities of the entire world, of which I hope that it will please you very much, because the first book was received with such great pleasure and was so highly sought-after that not a single copy still remains nor is available to buy."

With this jubilant preface – a reference to the huge commercial success of the first Latin (1572), German (1574) and French (1575) editions of the *Civitates orbis terrarum* – author and editor Georg Braun (1541–1622) opens the 1576 German-language edition of Volume II of his unique atlas of the cities of the world. Since the countless different editions of the *Civitates* are today hard to tell apart – Volume 1 passed through no less than eight Latin editions alone – and many of the city views were also sold as individual prints, it is not to be wondered that Braun should adopt such a euphoric tone in his introductory remarks.

Braun announces that he is willing to incorporate additional towns and cities and invites his readers to respond in a positively "interactive" manner, namely by sending him their suggestions for cities they would like to see included in the future: "Should anyone not find their home town or native city in either of these first two books, however, I would kindly invite them to draw it from life and send it to me. Then I will have it faithfully copied by the skilled Franz Hogenberg and put it in the 1st or 2nd book or keep it for the 3rd book." Braun was therefore planning both expanded new editions and complete new volumes.

The structure of Georg Braun's commentaries

In the introduction to the second volume, Braun expresses his regret that he has been obliged to keep the city commentaries so short and to leave out a great deal that would normally belong to "a full description". It would surely be no exaggeration – thus Braun – to say that "a separate book" could have been written about each city. Naturally he does not have enough space for this, but all the information about a particular city recorded "in trusted histories" or "provided to him in writing by reliable gentlemen and friends" he has reported as faithfully as possible. The commentaries allow us to reconstruct relatively accurately Braun's library and the breadth of his reading. Braun refers fairly frequently to his sources and in not a few cases gives details of the edition he has consulted, the volume and even the chapter. At the top of the list stand the Bible and the church fathers, in particular St Augustine, followed by Greek and Roman historians, statesmen and geographers. The information derived from these classical sources not infrequently eclipses facts about the 16th-century present; particularly striking is the absence, in most cases, of a description of the city of the day, with its major buildings, art treasures etc., oriented towards its appearance in the engraving. Braun provides contemporary details only about a city's economic strength, the constitution of its municipal government, its schools and universities and the names and biographies of famous individuals, and occasionally about its main areas of trade and matters relating to jurisdiction and customs duty, etc.

Should anyone not find their home town or native city in either of these first two books, however, I would kindly invite them to draw it from life and send it to me

The selection is thoroughly subjective. In a number of cases, for example, we are offered only a history of the university, in others simply a history of local commerce or a description of a city's favourable location on a natural harbour. As a general rule, Braun begins with a complex etymology of the name of the town or city, in a manner that reads more like an accumulation of scholarly opinions than as an informative summary. Military history is also in some cases discussed at great length, usually in conjunction with a reference to a city's fortifications, ramparts etc.

In a number of cases Braun draws upon contemporary broadsheets, the newspapers of the day, with their sensational reports of murder and theft. He also displays a pronounced interest in the consumption of beer and wine in the cities he describes, e.g. in Münster, Bremen, Malaga and Weissenburg; in his commentary on Braunschweig he notes: "There is a lack of drinking water in this city, wherefore everyone usually drinks beer. Wine is expensive here, so not much of it is consumed." But Braun also refers to the dangers of drinking to excess, e.g. in his texts on Leipzig and Hamburg, and measures cities against an ethical yardstick, invariably bestowing praise upon a city of honourable merchants in which handicraft is held in high esteem. The clergyman places particular emphasis in his commentaries upon diocesan and church history, and partly, too, upon sacred buildings such as monasteries and religious foundations, albeit not from an architectural or art-historical point of view. He laments, from an increasingly narrow confessional standpoint, the decline of central Europe precipitated by the upheavals of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation and the resulting wars of religion, such as the prolonged conflict between Spain and the Netherlands. Braun's disapproval of the advance of the Reformation, with the accompanying iconoclasm in the churches, the takeover of Catholic churches by Protestants and the wars between Catholic Spain and the Netherlands, finds expression in not a few commentaries. It is therefore astonishing that he describes the city of Wittenberg without making a single reference to Luther. In the case of Bremen, on the other hand, he takes a stance on a theological dispute between the Protestants and the Lutherans of 1547–1563.

Staffage and costumes

The volumes of the Civitates are characterized overall not only by the accuracy of their prospects and maps, but also by their inclusion of additional illustrative details – an area in which Hoefnagel displays great creativity. The plates thus incorporate numerous scenes from everyday life: horse-drawn barges on the Main, quarrying of slate, hunting with falcons near Sárospatak on the Bodrog, female dancers in front of Granada and scholars in discussion in Oxford. The travelling by sleigh in Moscow represents an interesting combination of elements taken from three separate woodcuts by Augustin Hirschvogel in Sigismund von Herberstein's Moscoviter wunderbare Historien (from 1546) and integrated into the foreground of the view of Moscow.

These incidental details frequently include magnificent ships and dramatic fighting scenes, in particular battles being waged at sea, as well as gallows that testify to a city's powers of jurisdiction. Extremely gruesome forms of execution, such as the impaling of Christians by the Turks, are illustrated in a drastic form, as e.g. in the case of Pápa in Hungary or the execution of rebels by hanging on gallows. On the other hand, the martyrdom of St Sebastian, pierced by arrows, is also shown outside the city of San Sebastián to which he gave his name.
The volumes are lent a particular character by the costumed figures who illustrate, in highly accurate detail, the nobles, merchants, tradesmen, peasants, travellers and servant girls in their various costumes with corresponding accessories. Hogenberg thereby frequently drew upon the Trachtenbuch by Hans Weigel the Elder, a book of dress styles published in Nuremberg in 1577.

The plan views from a bird's-eye perspective had never been achieved before and decisively influenced the concept of the vedutà in the 17th and 18th century

As Nadin Kirsten has shown, the *Civitates* can be read as a history of fashion in 16th-century Europe. Thus the Spaniard in the view of Barcelona, for example, is dressed in a doublet with a stiff collar and epaulettes, and has short hair and a goatee. The Italian lady in the view of Rome wears a high ruff and a dress with a low neckline; a veil fastened to her hair falls all the way down to the ground. She holds a fancy handkerchief in her hand as an accessory. In the city view of Paris the gentleman is wearing a so-called Spanish cape with a stiff collar and epaulettes over a heavily padded doublet and hose finishing just below the knee. The ladies standing so stiffly are evidently wearing corsets and close-fitting ruffs. The depiction of the men and women in the London plate is based on the view of London in Sebastian Münster's *Cosmographia*: all four wear high ruffs, and one of the men is dressed in a fur coat that falls to his ankles. The figures in the view of Cologne were taken from Weigel and represent Cologne noblewomen. The woman on the left wears an unwaisted overgarment with puffed shoulders and a ruff. She has twisted her hair up into horns, over which she wears a cap, and holds a fancy handkerchief in her right hand. The woman with the broad hat in the middle is wearing a waisted dress with an apron; she holds her train with her left hand and fingers the brim of her bonnet with her right.

Overall it can be seen that the pioneering works of Braun and Hogenberg occupy an impressive place in the history of the vedutà in the 17th and 18th century. Both the plan views from a bird's-eye perspective, employed in the *Civitates* for the first time in such numbers and with such mastery, and the city prospects – their accuracy made possible by the increasingly perfected technique of etching – with their wealth of additional details, together created a real picture of Europe such as had never been achieved before and which was drawn "from nature". The *Civitates* thereby surpassed all previous city atlases in its wealth of detail, its depiction of the topographical setting of the cities, its architectural precision and the harmony of the overall composition.

"Kindly and most esteemed reader, we hereby place on the market the next book of the most noble cities of the entire world, of which I hope that it will please you very much, because the first book was received with such great pleasure and was so highly sought-after that not a single copy still remains nor is available to buy."

—GEORG BRAUN AND FRANZ HOGENBERG, COLOGNE 1576

Opposite: *View of Nové Zámky, Slovakia* ***Bottom:*** *View of Damascus, Syria* ***Pages 70–71:*** *View of London, Great Britain*





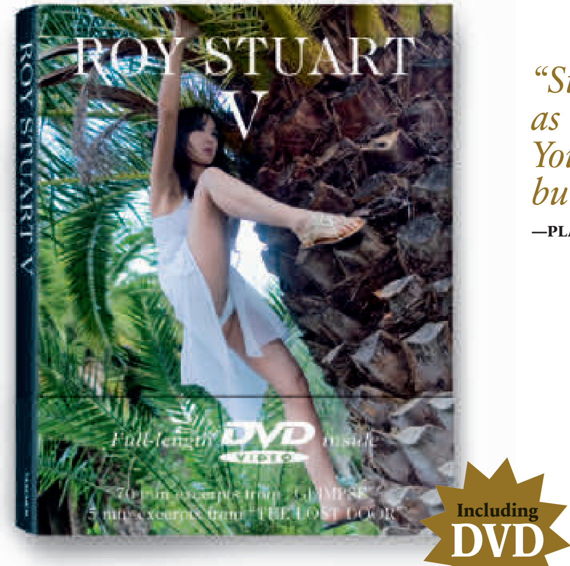
 “TASCHEN is a painstakingly edited program addressing both the



familiar and the unknown." —NEUE ZEIT, *Berlin*

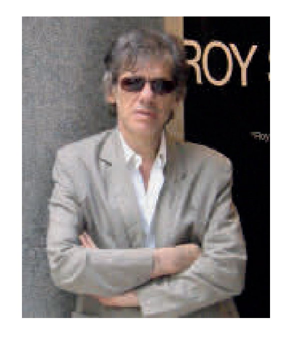
Beyond voyeurism

Exploring the female body, attitudes, instincts, and dreams



"Stuart's style and candor make voyeurism as respectable as you'd ever want it to be. You could leave this book out on your desk, but you probably wouldn't get any work done."

—PLAYBOY, *New York*



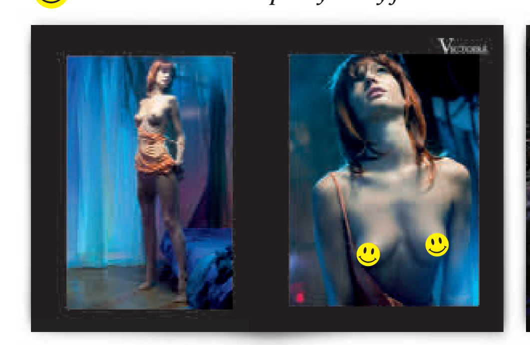
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Photos: Roy Stuart / Texts: François Louvard, XLO, Alain Deloffre / Hardcover, DVD, format: 23.8 x 30.2 cm (9.4 x 11.9 in.), 280 pp.

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In the 20th century, when pornography made its debut in the film world with its aura of improvisation and amateurishness, it had a caustic challenging quality, a freshness and a natural authenticity. By becoming industrialized and codified, it then let itself be confined in the twofold ghetto of distribution and its related rituals, churning out a pantomime of crude, unexciting, formatted images. Eroticism has always had "better press," especially since it has often been "involved" with literature and great authors have laid sacrifices on its altar. However, limited by censorship, above all self-censorship, to a restrictive representation of sex, it sentenced itself to insipidness and self-mutilation, believing it could find a way out in vain, repetitive sophistication, paradoxically proving, much to the satisfaction of moralists, that since monotony is always born out of uniformity, prefabricated pornography and eroticism have become, and remain boring.

This realization inspires an artist like Roy Stuart. Taking advantage of Western society's relative freedom, he has investigated the use that can be made of this dilemma. A photographer and filmmaker, switching from printed to moving image, he seeks to liberate the image from its final taboos, to escape the conventional representation of sex. But, more than anything else, he has an artistic project: beyond voyeurism, he strives to explore the female body, attitudes, instincts, and dreams.

In his new book, the fifth to date, he hones this exploration into something more forthright, close to film. The photos "tell" short stories, like short films, and the models become actors, their movements caught in freeze frame studies, between portrait and narrative. Sex is more explicit, while retaining some of the mystery characteristic of erotic images. A DVD, which comes with the book, contains several scenes from which the photos are taken, with excerpts from the *Glimpse* DVD series and Stuart's full length feature film, *The Lost Door*. The overall impression produced by this work is that Stuart has introduced eroticism into pornography, or vice versa. He clouds issues, confuses codes, disorientates and takes risks, all the while behaving as an artist who is exploring a new middle road—fusional, original and hard to follow, but promising. Somewhere between simplistic X-rated films and pure eroticism, between trivial reality and abortive dreams, he seeks and finds a third way.

The artist: Based in Paris with a reputation as a grandmaster of the erotic camera, **Roy Stuart** has exhibited his work in numerous galleries throughout the world. He has already published a few bestsellers with TASCHEN prior to this collection of subversive, erotic fantasy narratives.

 "... a grandmaster of the erotic cinema." —PENTHOUSE, *London*



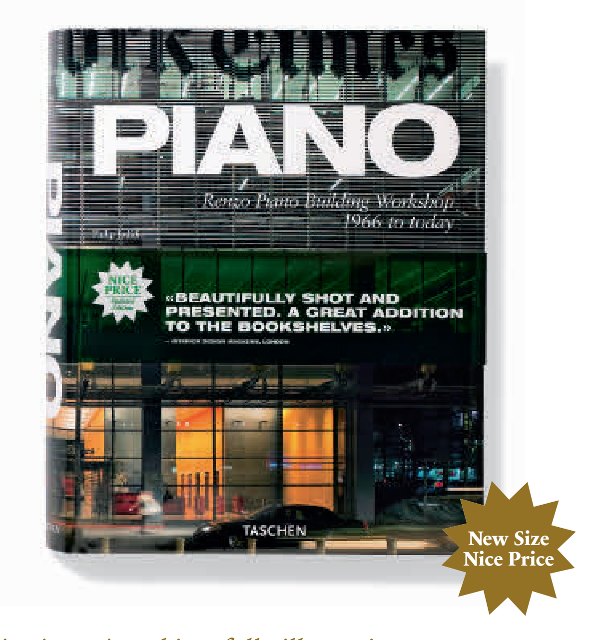
“Atmospheric, intimate and daring.” —DESIRE MAGAZINE, *London*



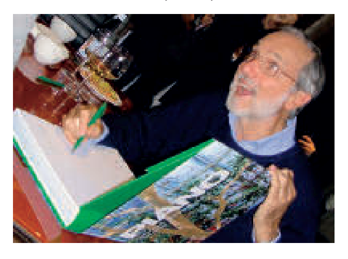
 “Cette épatante monographie grand format, riche en photographies, croquis et

The mechanics of lightness

The wide-ranging career of the Italian virtuoso



Renzo Piano signing his book at TASCHEN Store, Paris, 2005



"The book does justice to its subject, fully illustrating the breadth of Piano's vision. Beautifully shot and presented, it gives the reader an insight into the development of an architect's work. A great addition to the bookshelves."

—INTERIOR DESIGN MAGAZINE, *London*

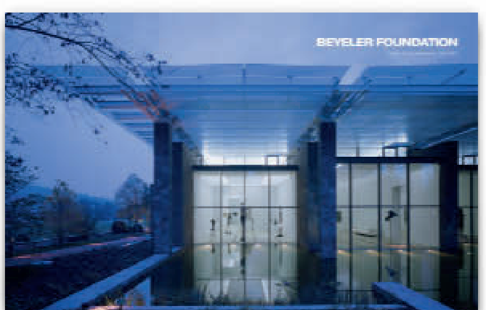
RENZO PIANO
BUILDING WORKSHOP 1966 TO TODAY

Philip Jodidio / Hardcover, format: 22.8 x 28.9 cm (9 x 11.4 in.), 528 pp.

ONLY € 29.99 / $ 39.99
£ 24.99 / ¥ 5,900









"The array of buildings by Renzo Piano is staggering in scope and comprehensive in the diversity of scale, material, and form. He is truly an architect whose sensibilities represent the widest range of this and earlier centuries." Such was the description of Renzo Piano given by the Pritzker Prize jury citation as they bestowed the prestigious award on him in 1998. Whereas some architects have a signature style, what sets Piano apart is that he seeks simply to apply a coherent set of ideas to new projects in extraordinarily different ways. "One of the great beauties of architecture is that each time, it is like life starting all over again," Piano says. "Like a movie director doing a love story, a Western, or a murder mystery, a new world confronts an architect with each project." This explains why it takes more than a superficial glance to recognize Piano's fingerprints on such varied projects as the Pompidou Center in Paris (1971–77), the Kansai airport in Osaka, Japan (1990–94), and the Tjibaou Cultural Center in Nouméa, New Caledonia (1993–98). This stunning monograph, illustrated by photographs, sketches, and plans, covers Piano's career to date.
The updated publication includes new photographs of projects completed since the previous edition, such as his The New York Times Building in New York, the Zentrum Paul Klee in Bern, Switzerland, The Morgan Library in New York, as well as some sneak peeks at his current projects, including the 66-story London Bridge Tower, which is set to be Europe's tallest building.

The author: **Philip Jodidio** studied art history and economics at Harvard University, and was editor-in-chief of the leading French art journal *Connaissance des Arts* for over two decades. He has published numerous articles and books on contemporary architecture, including TASCHEN's *Architecture Now!* series, *Building a New Millennium*, and monographs on Tadao Ando, Santiago Calatrava, Olafur Eliasson, Norman Foster, Richard Meier, Jean Nouvel, and Álvaro Siza.

***Opposite**: The Aurora Place High-Rise Offices and Apartment Blocks, Sydney, Australia. Photo © RPBW, John Gollings*

plans, retrace toute la carrière de Renzo Piano à ce jour." —PARIS SUR LA TERRE, *Paris*



 “This is an indispensable vademecum for those interested in contemporary art

Now you're in the know

A cutting-edge selection of the contemporary artists that matter the most



Featured artists: Tomma Abts, Franz Ackermann, Ai Weiwei, Doug Aitken, Haluk Akakçe, Allora & Calzadilla, Darren Almond, Paweł Althamer, David Altmejd, Hope Atherton, Banksy, Matthew Barney, Tim Berresheim, Cosima von Bonin, Monica Bonvicini, Cecily Brown, Glenn Brown, André Butzer, Cai Guo-Qiang, Maurizio Cattelan, Mat Collishaw, George Condo, Martin Creed, John Currin, Aaron Curry, Enrico David, Tacita Dean, Thomas Demand, Rineke Dijkstra, Nathalie Djurberg, Peter Doig, Marlene Dumas, Marcel Dzama, Martin Eder, Olafur Eliasson, Elmgreen & Dragset, Tracey Emin, Urs Fischer, Günther Förg, Walton Ford, Tom Friedman, Ellen Gallagher, Isa Genzken, Luis Gispert, Robert Gober, Douglas Gordon, Mark Grotjahn, Subodh Gupta, Andreas Gursky, Wade Guyton, Daniel Guzmán, Rachel Harrison, Mona Hatoum, Eberhard Havekost, Richard Hawkins, Jonathan Hernández, Arturo Herrera, Charline von Heyl, Thomas Hirschhorn, Damien Hirst, Andreas Hofer, Thomas Houseago, Huang Yong Ping, Pierre Huyghe, Mike Kelley, Terence Koh, Jeff Koons, Dr. Lakra, Ulrich Lamsfuß, Won Ju Lim, Vera Lutter, Marepe, Paul McCarthy, Josephine Meckseper, Jonathan Meese, Beatriz Milhazes, Sarah Morris, Ron Mueck, Takashi Murakami, Wangechi Mutu, Ernesto Neto, Frank Nitsche, Tim Noble & Sue Webster, Albert Oehlen, Chris Ofili, Paulina Olowska, Gabriel Orozco, Jorge Pardo, Manfred Pernice, Raymond Pettibon, Elizabeth Peyton, Richard Phillips, Richard Prince, Neo Rauch, Tobias Rehberger, Anselm Reyle, Daniel Richter, Thomas Ruff, Anri Sala, Wilhelm Sasnal, Matthias Schaufler, Thomas Scheibitz, Gregor Schneider, Raqib Shaw, Cindy Sherman, Santiago Sierra, Dash Snow, Rudolf Stingel, Thomas Struth, Mickalene Thomas, Wolfgang Tillmans, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Gert & Uwe Tobias, Fred Tomaselli, Janaina Tschäpe, Luc Tuymans, Piotr Uklański, Francesco Vezzoli, Kara Walker, Jeff Wall, Rebecca Warren, Marnie Weber, Franz West, Pae White, Kehinde Wiley, Jonas Wood, Christopher Wool, Erwin Wurm, Xu Zhen, Yang Fudong, Toby Ziegler, Thomas Zipp

"The definitive guide to modern art." —ARENA, *London*

ART NOW VOL. 3

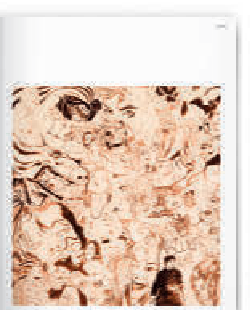
Ed. Hans Werner Holzwarth / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 24.9 cm (7.7 x 9.8 in.), 608 pp.

ONLY € 29.99 / $ 39.99
£ 24.99 / ¥ 5,900

Opposite: *Mat Collishaw,* Single Nights 1, *2007. C-print on dibond in wooden frame, 183 x 140 cm (72 x 55.1 in.)*

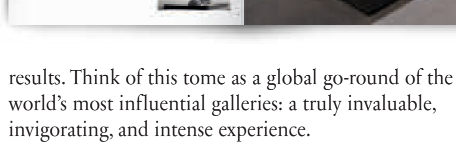


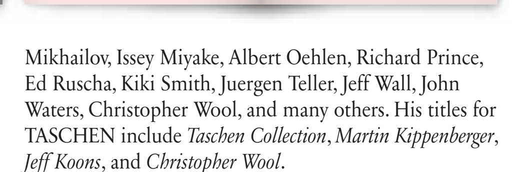












Want a head start on the things you'll be seeing in art institutions a decade down the road? It's all in here, the very latest of the very best—and so fresh you can feel its pulse. A to Z magazine-style entries include captivating images of important recent work, short biographies, exhibition history and bibliographical information. The illustrated appendix features names and contact information for the galleries representing the artists featured, as well as primary market prices and examples of auction results. Think of this tome as a global go-round of the world's most influential galleries: a truly invaluable, invigorating, and intense experience.

The editor: **Hans Werner Holzwarth** started as a photographer and communication designer, then co-led his own company for corporate design. Since 1992, Holzwarth has focused on book design, collaborating with Larry Clark, Robert Frank, Nan Goldin, Boris Mikhailov, Issey Miyake, Albert Oehlen, Richard Prince, Ed Ruscha, Kiki Smith, Juergen Teller, Jeff Wall, John Waters, Christopher Wool, and many others. His titles for TASCHEN include *Taschen Collection*, *Martin Kippenberger*, *Jeff Koons*, and *Christopher Wool*.

and the shape of things to come." —THE ART NEWSPAPER, *London, on* Art Now

“A magnificent addition to the TASCHEN facsimile reprints.”

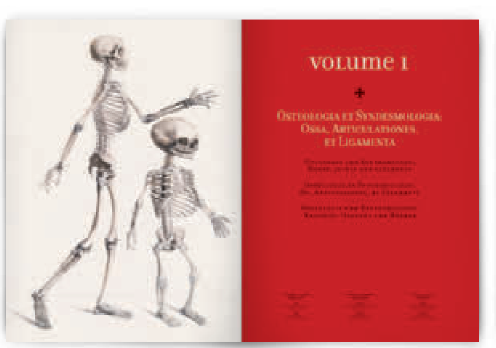
—Forteantimes, *London*

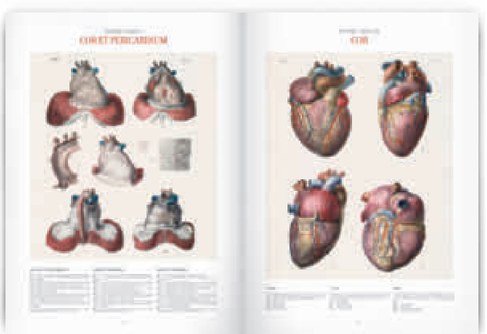
“In their minute, painstaking details one senses the awe the body once commanded when it was a new, uncharted world begging for exploration.” —I-D MAGAZINE, *London*

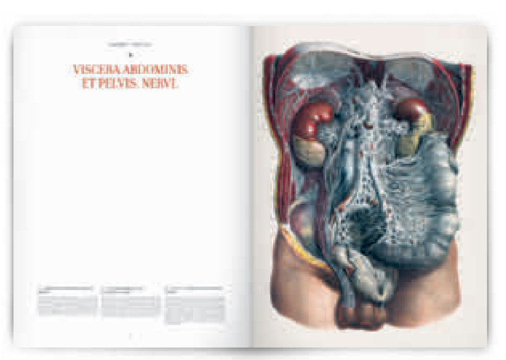
JEAN MARC BOURGERY
ATLAS OF HUMAN ANATOMY AND SURGERY

Jean-Marie Le Minor / Henri Sick / Hardcover in a slipcase, format: 26.5 x 37.2 cm (10.4 x 14.6 in.), 544 pp.

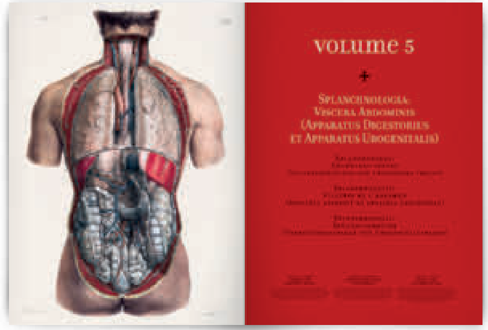
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We owe a great debt to Jean Marc Bourgery (1797–1849) for his *Atlas of Anatomy*, which was not only a massive event in medical history, but also remains one of the most comprehensive and beautifully illustrated anatomical treatises ever published in any language. In 1830, having received his doctorate in medicine three years prior, Bourgery began work on his magnificent atlas in cooperation with illustrator Nicolas Henri Jacob (1782–1871). The first volumes were published the following year, but completion of the treatise required nearly two decades of dedication.
The four parts of Bourgery’s treatise cover descriptive anatomy, surgical anatomy and techniques, general anatomy and embryology, and microscopic anatomy. Jacob’s spectacular hand-colored, life-size lithographs are remarkable for their clarity, color, and aesthetic appeal, reflecting a combination of direct laboratory observation and illustrative research; the images are to this day unsurpassed in anatomical illustration.

The authors: **Jean-Marie Le Minor** has been assistant professor of anatomy at the Louis Pasteur University in Strasbourg since 1990, radiologist at the University Hospitals in Strasbourg, member of the governing board of the Société Française d’Histoire de la Médecine, Laureat of the Académie Nationale de Médecine (Paris, 2003), and officer of the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres (French Ministry of Culture). He is also the author of several history books and numerous articles on science and history.

Henri Sick was professor of anatomy at the Louis Pasteur University in Strasbourg from 1972 to 2003 and director of the Institute of Normal Anatomy from 1994 to 2003. He is an officer of the Ordre des Palmes Académiques (French Ministry of Education) and the author of several books on sectional anatomy, as well as numerous scientific articles.

“A gorgeous, shoulder-dislocating compendium of anatomical drawings from

"The most beautiful Parisian. A superb homage to the architect and his creation."

—Francetoday.com, *Paris*

New Size
Nice Price

"This book illustrates the truly remarkable engineering that is the Eiffel Tower and whilst appealing to enthusiasts, can be appreciated by everyone." —FRENCH MAGAZINE, *London*

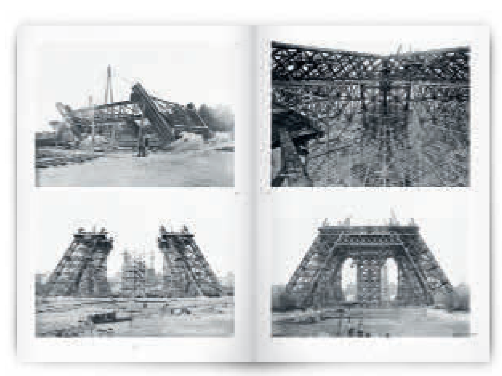
THE EIFFEL TOWER

Gustave Eiffel / Bertrand Lemoine / Hardcover, format: 29.8 x 42 cm (11.7 x 16.5 in.), 160 pp.

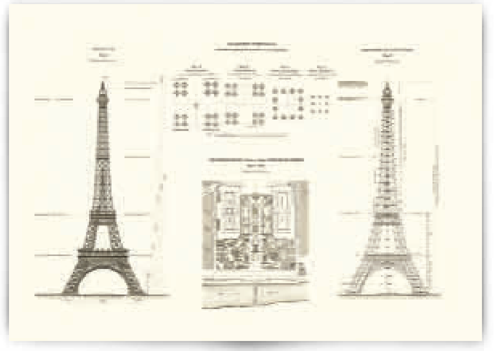
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When it was completed in 1889, the Eiffel Tower was the highest structure in the world, measuring 300 meters (984 feet). Built for the World's Fair, it was initially granted a 20-year permit; this permit was thankfully extended and now the Eiffel Tower is one of the world's most famous structures, having become practically synonymous with Paris itself and receiving more than six million visitors annually.
This reprint explores the design and construction of this remarkable building; published in 1900 as a large folio by Gustave Eiffel himself in a limited edition of 500 copies, the original was never sold on the market—it was exclusively given and donated by Eiffel. Featuring 53 double-page plates of 4,300 technical drawings explaining the design as well as 33 photographs of the construction, the book reveals the complex and fascinating process of bringing the Eiffel Tower to life. Though the technical drawing will especially appeal to designers wishing to discover the engineering genius behind Eiffel's masterpiece, everyone can appreciate this very rare and special book about Paris's glorious mascot.

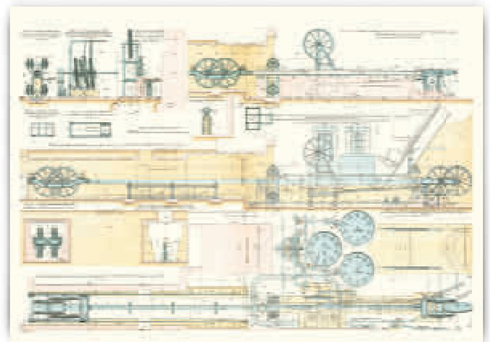
The author: Specialist in the history of architecture, construction, and cities in the 19th and 20th centuries, **Bertrand Lemoine** has curated numerous exhibitions and has widely published on the subjects of architecture and the history of iron and metal structures, including several books on the subject of Gustave Eiffel. Lemoine is director of the journal *Architecture Acier Construction* and has been editor in chief of *AMC- Le Moniteur Architecture* and *L'Acier pour Construire*.











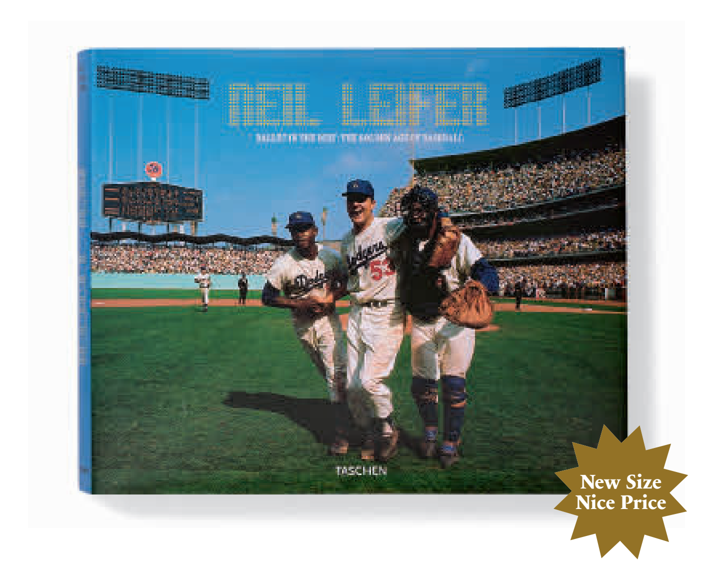


the mid-19th century with stunning plate." —I-D MAGAZINE, *London, on* Atlas of Human Anatomy

"Neil's book has some of the greatest photos you'll ever see, even if you've seen them before."

—YOGI BERRA

The golden age of America's favorite pastime



NEIL LEIFER
BASEBALL. BALLET IN THE DIRT
THE GOLDEN AGE OF BASEBALL

Photos: Neil Leifer / Ed. Eric Kroll / Contributing authors: Ron Shelton, Gabriel Schechter / Hardcover, format: 31 x 25.7 cm (12.2 x 10.1 in.), 296 pp.

ONLY € 29.99 / $ 39.99
£ 24.99 / ¥ 5,900



Above: *Ron Shelton and Neil Leifer, TASCHEN Store, Los Angeles, 2007*







Professional baseball of the 1960s and 1970s belongs to Neil Leifer, the premier sports photographer of his generation. In 1960, at age 17, Neil had the human drive to match his new Nikon motor drive and he was on his way. With gumption and an eye for the decisive moment, the baby-faced kid from Manhattan's lower east side was soon selling his photos to *Sports Illustrated*. This superb collection of images reflects the total access Neil had to the players on the ball field, in the dugout, and in the locker room. All the pathos, elation, disappointment, and celebration are etched upon the faces of the players and their mercurial fans.

From the 1960 World Series between the Yankees and the Pirates—decided in the 9th inning of the 7th game by a Bill Mazeroski home run—to the 1977 Series between the Yankees and the Los Angeles Dodgers, Neil Leifer never stopped shooting. He was up in the nosebleed section of the grandstands in Yankee Stadium, in the rafters of the Astrodome in Houston, or a helicopter high above. Who won the games wasn't important—only how the game was played. The blood, sweat, and grace. It's all about the game, and Leifer's photographs create a topographical map to the very heart and soul of baseball. Featuring over 300 photos, the book is divided into four chapters: The Game; the Heroes—like Roberto Clemente, Mickey Mantle, and pitcher Sandy Koufax; the Rivalry (infamously, between the Yankees and the Boston Red Sox and the Giants and Dodgers); and the World Series championship.

The photographer: Native New Yorker **Neil Leifer** began photographing sports events as a teenager. He has shot over 150 covers for *Sports Illustrated*, published 13 books of his photographs, and held the position of staff photographer for *Time* magazine. His Muhammad Ali boxing images played prominently in TASCHEN's *G.O.A.T.*

The editor: **Eric Kroll** edited several titles for TASCHEN including *Natacha Merritt's Digital Diaries* and *The Wonderful World of Bill Ward*. His photography was the subject of TASCHEN's *Fetish Girls* and *Beauty Parade*.

The contributing authors: **Gabriel Schechter**, a lifelong sports fanatic who idolized Willie Mays, Johnny Unitas, and Oscar Robertson, is a Research Associate at the National Baseball Hall of Fame. He is the author of four books, including *This Bad Day in Yankees History*. Writer/director **Ron Shelton** played second base in the Baltimore farm system for five years before making films including *Bull Durham*, *White Men Can't Jump*, and *Cobb*. He is currently working on *Our Lady of the Ballpark*, a film about the Mexican Leagues.

 "Neil Leifer's photography is the proverbial breath of fresh air that

Miraculous recovery

Picking up the pieces in postwar Germany

"A critic once said that Darchinger could think with his eyes. The photographs in the book Wirtschaftswunder *prove that he can also feel and speak with them."*

—SPIEGEL.DE, *Hamburg*



JOSEF HEINRICH DARCHINGER
WIRTSCHAFTSWUNDER
DEUTSCHLAND NACH DEM KRIEG 1952–1967

Photos: Josef Heinrich Darchinger / Ed. Frank Darchinger / Klaus Honnef / Hardcover, format: 31 x 25.7 cm (12.2 x 10.1 in.), 288 pp.

ONLY € 29.99 / $ 39.99
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It was no more than eight years after the surrender of the Nazi government when Josef Heinrich Darchinger set out on his photographic journey through the West of a divided Germany. The bombs of World War II had reduced the country's major cities to deserts of rubble. Yet his pictures show scarcely any signs of the downfall of a civilization. Not that the photographer was manipulating the evidence: he simply recorded what he saw. At the time, a New York travel agency was advertising the last opportunity to go and visit the remaining bomb sites. Darchinger's pictures, in color and black-and-white, show a country in a fever of reconstruction. The economic boom was so incredible that the whole world spoke of an "economic miracle." The people who achieved it, in contrast, look down-to-earth, unassuming, conscientious, and diligent. And increasingly, they look like strangers in the world they have created. The photographs portray a country caught between the opposite poles of technological modernism and cultural restoration, between affluence and penury, between German Gemütlichkeit and the constant threat of the Cold War. They show the winners and losers of the "economic miracle," people from all social classes, at home, at work, in their very limited free time and as consumers. But they also show a country that looks, in retrospect, like a film from the middle of the last century. Of his color photographs, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* wrote, "they are exceptional contemporary documents indicating how swiftly the grayness of everyday life became infused with color again."

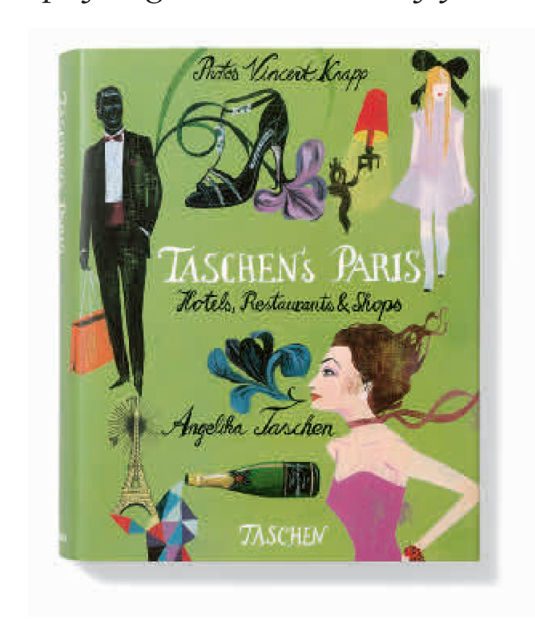
The photographer: **Josef Heinrich Darchinger** started working as a freelance photojournalist in 1952. Darchinger's photographs began to regularly appear in reputable German print media starting in the mid-1960s. In his years as a photographer for *Der Spiegel* and *Die Zeit*, Darchinger had a formative influence on the magazines' national news coverage of Bonn. He also presented his work at exhibitions and in collections of photographic portraits—for instance of Helmut Schmidt, Willy Brandt, Richard von Weizsäcker, or Heinrich Böll. Darchinger received numerous awards, among which was the prestigious Dr. Erich Salomon Award from the German Photographic Association.

The editor: In 1977, **Frank Darchinger** began his career as a photojournalist, while also assisting his father, Josef Heinrich Darchinger, with classifying and updating of his legendarily vast photographic archive. It was through his endeavors that his father's work has become accessible to the general public. Today Frank Darchinger works as a freelance photographer in Bonn.

purists have been gasping for." —STOP SMILING, *Chicago*

Ville magique

The perfect guide to the Paris of your dreams



TASCHEN's PARIS

Angelika Taschen / Photos: Vincent Knapp / Hardcover with thumb index, format: 23.8 x 30.2 cm (9.4 x 11.9 in.), 400 pp.

ONLY € 29.99 / $ 39.99
£ 24.99 / ¥ 5,900

This book combines all of Angelika Taschen's recommendations for Paris hotels, shops, restaurants, cafes, and bars into one volume, ensuring visitors a wealth of ideas and a guarantee that their Parisian sojourn will never have a dull moment. From the ultra-hot Colette fashion concept store to Tom Ford's secret hideaway to Hemingway's favorite brasserie, all of the best insider tips are gathered together between these covers so that when you hop out from under yours, you'll have plenty of exciting things on your agenda. Dictionary-style cut out tabs help the reader to have quick access to each chapter.

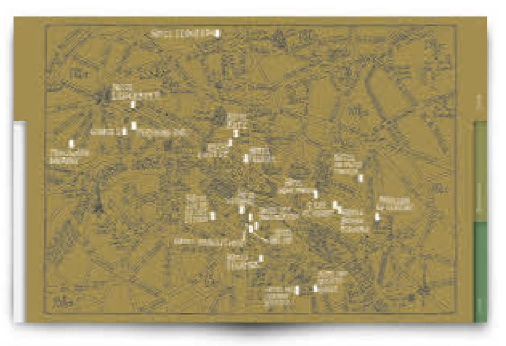
Among the highlights are:
- Decorative ceramics shop **Astier de Villatte**
- The ultra-modern **Comme des Garçons** perfume and candle boutique
- **Ladurée**, the best macaroons in the city
- **Ma Bourgogne** restaurant on the beautiful Place des Vosges
- Classic bistro **Allard** that has hardly changed in 70 years
- Left bank restaurant **La Palette**, a favorite of Picasso and Braque
- **Brasserie Lipp**, where Hemingway ate the herrings he wrote about in *A Moveable Feast*
- The ultra-luxurious **Ritz** hotel on elegant Place Vendôme
- The cozy and cute **Hôtel Bourg Tibourg** in the Marais
- **Hôtel Verneuil** in St. Germain-des-Prés opposite the former residence of Serge Gainsbourg
- The quintessentially **French Hôtel Duc de Saint-Simon**

The editor and author: **Angelika Taschen** studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

The photographer: Swiss-born **Vincent Knapp** (1957–2007) lived and worked in Paris for over two decades as a free-lance photographer, notably for *Condé Nast* magazines such as *Architectural Digest*, *Vogue*, and *The World of Interiors*.













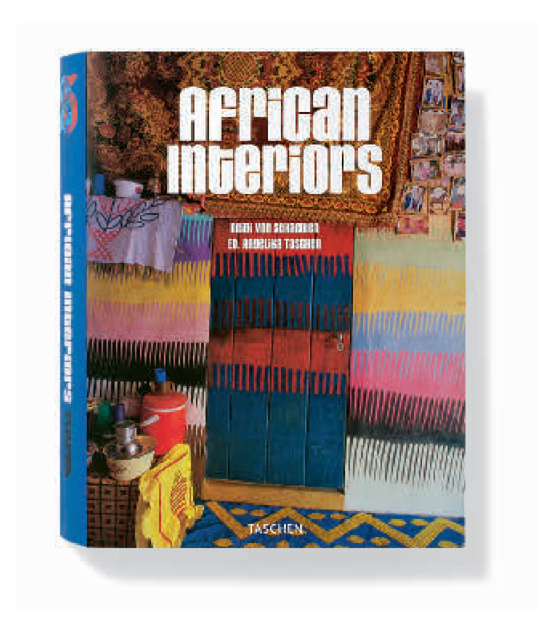
 "As one would expect from TASCHEN, this book goes above and beyond

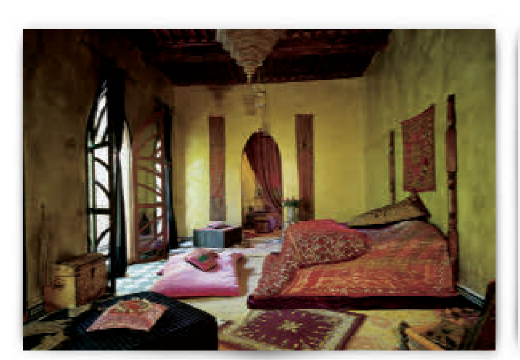
"A remarkable, colossal undertaking, more than simply a visual source book."

—House & Garden, *London*

"A visual masterclass in the variety and splendour of the African continent."

—SELVEDGE, London



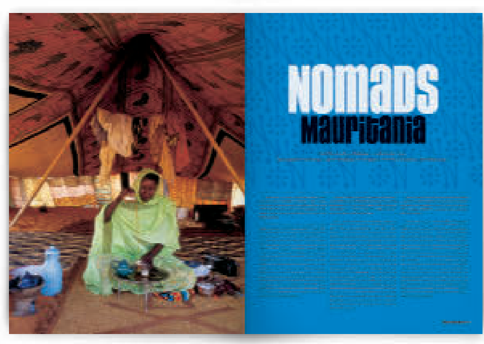












We've searched far and wide, through Africa's deserts and jungles, cities and wildlife reserves, islands and mountains, to uncover the continent's most inspirational dwellings; our goal was to find the kind of interiors that defy description, and we think the results will definitely leave you speechless. Nestled within these pages you'll find lush modern homes mingling with mud huts, funky artists' studios, elegant lodges, minimalist houses, ornate traditional homes, townships and much more—all lovingly built and decorated with sensitivity, creativity, craftsmanship, individuality, and sensuality. *African Interiors* captures the beauty and diversity of African living.

Countries featured: **Benin**, **Botswana**, **Burkina Faso**, **Cameroon**, **Egypt**, **Ghana**, **Ivory Coast**, **Kenya**, **Mali**, **Mauritania**, **Mauritius**, **Morocco**, **Niger**, **Nigeria**, **Senegal**, **Seychelles**, **South Africa**, **Tanzania**, **Togo**, and **Tunisia.**

The editor: **Angelika Taschen** studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

The photographer: **Deidi von Schaewen**, who has lived in Paris for thirty years, is a contributor to a range of international periodicals and a filmmaker, and has published numerous books. Her publications with TASCHEN include *Indian Interiors*, *Fantasy Worlds*, *Gardens of Provence*, and *Inside Africa*.

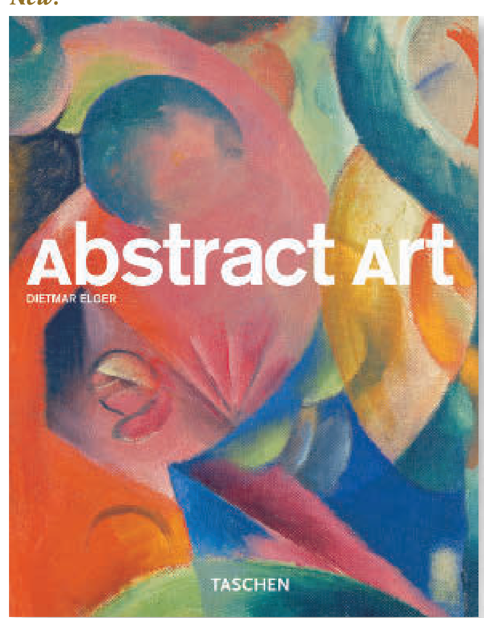
AFRICAN INTERIORS

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Photos: Deidi von Schaewen / Texts: Laurence Dougier / Hardcover, format: 24 x 31.6 cm (9.4 x 12.4 in.), 720 pp.

ONLY € 39.99 / $ 59.99 £ 29.99 / ¥ 7,900

Art on a budget: the best for less

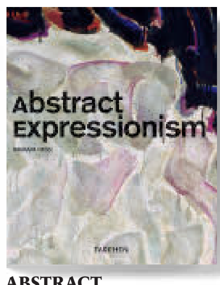
New!



ABSTRACT ART
The masters of abstraction
Dietmar Elger / Edited by Uta Grosenick

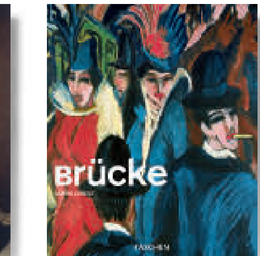
With roots in early Cubism and Futurism and reaching maturity in Op Art and Minimalism, Abstract Art encompasses all forms of non-figurative expression. This book explores the diverse ways artists from the early 20th century, beginning with Kandinsky through the 1960s, used abstraction to express artistic ideas, such as the paint splatters of Jackson Pollock, the geometric shapes of Piet Mondrian, the non-objective squares of Malevich, and the complex compositions of Wassily Kandinsky.

Featured artists include: Karel Appel, Robert Delaunay, Theo van Doesburg, Helen Frankenthaler, Wassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, El Lissitzky, Franz Marc, Kasimir Malewitsch, Piet Mondrian, Barnett Newman, Pablo Picasso, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Rodschenko, Mark Rothko, Kurt Schwitters, Frank Stella, Pierre Soulages, Sophie Taeuber-Arp, Antoni Tapiès and Wols.

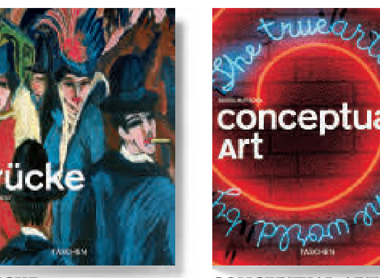


ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM
Barbara Hess

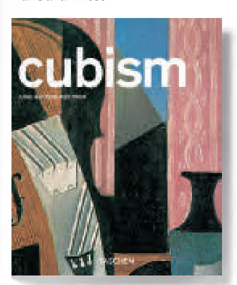
BAROQUE
Hermann Bauer, Andreas Prater



BRÜCKE
Ulrike Lorenz

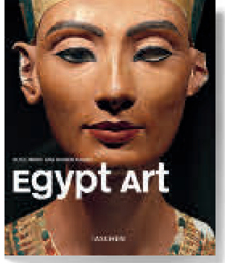


CONCEPTUAL ART
Daniel Marzona

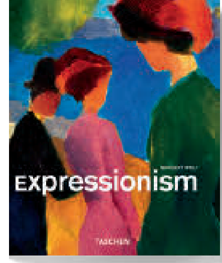


CUBISM
Anne Ganteführer-Trier

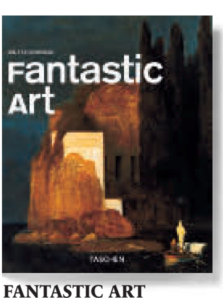
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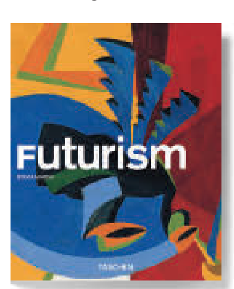
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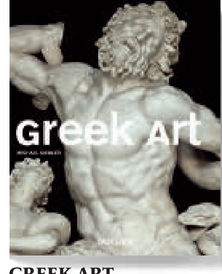
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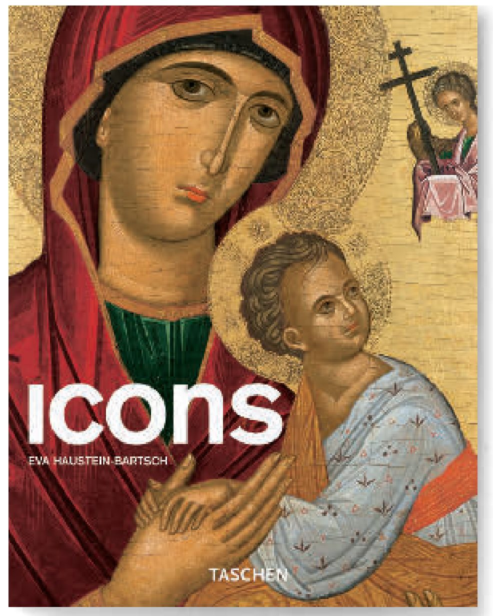
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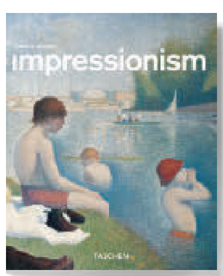
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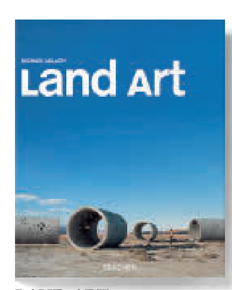
New!

ICONS
Sacred paintings of the Christian Orthodox
Eva Haustein-Bartsch / Edited by Norbert Wolf

The icons in this book come from the Icon Museum in Recklinghausen, which possesses the most extensive and highest-quality icon collection outside the Orthodox world. Icons do not depict "details" of the earthly world, but rather an unearthly reality. In accordance with their sacred function, the painters had to keep to venerable traditions. This historical survey covers some one-and-a-half millennia and includes descriptions of selected masterpieces, providing a graphic introduction to this fascinating world of images. While the book's historical introduction traces the history of icon painting back to late Antiquity and the early Byzantine period, the examples in the picture section start with a 14th century Russian example and extend from the exquisite 15th century Byzantine icon "St Luke Paints the Mother of God" across the centuries to one from Transylvania (Romania) dating from 1887.



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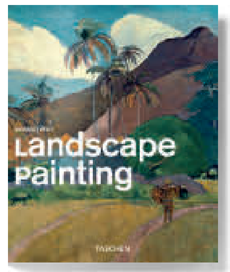
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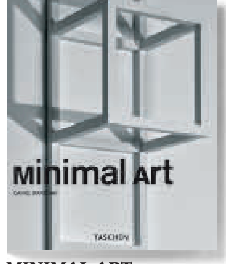
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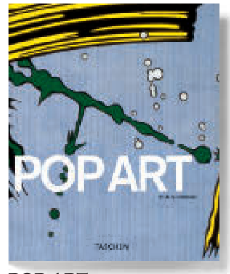
LANDSCAPE PAINTING
Norbert Wolf



MINIMAL ART
Daniel Marzona



NEW MEDIA ART
Mark Tribe, Reena Jana



POP ART
Klaus Honnef

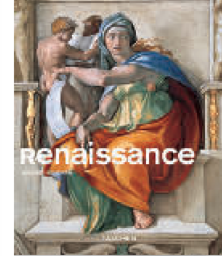
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PORTRAITS
The likeness through the ages
Roland Kanz / Edited by Norbert Wolf

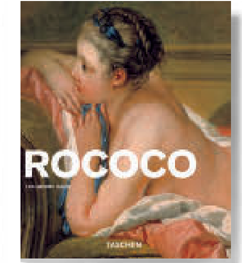
Beginning in the 14th century and working its way through the ages up to the current day, this book examines the portrait via the most beloved and important examples in history.

Featured artists include: Simone Martini, Jan van Eyck, Albrecht Dürer, Hans Holbein the Younger, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Parmigianino, Giuseppe Arcimboldo, Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, Diego Velázquez, Jean-Honoré Fragonard, Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Francisco de Goya, Jaques-Louis David, Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, Gustave Courbet, Édouard Manet, Vincent van Gogh, Oskar Kokoschka, Ferdinand Hodler, Pablo Picasso, Andy Warhol, Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud, and Chuck Close.

REALISM
Kerstin Stremmel

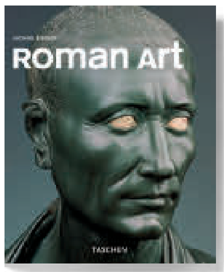


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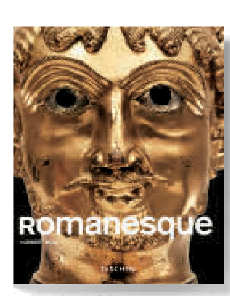




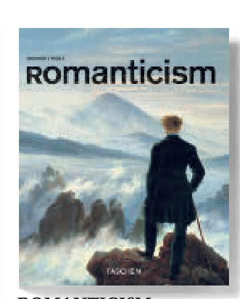
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Eva Gesine Baur



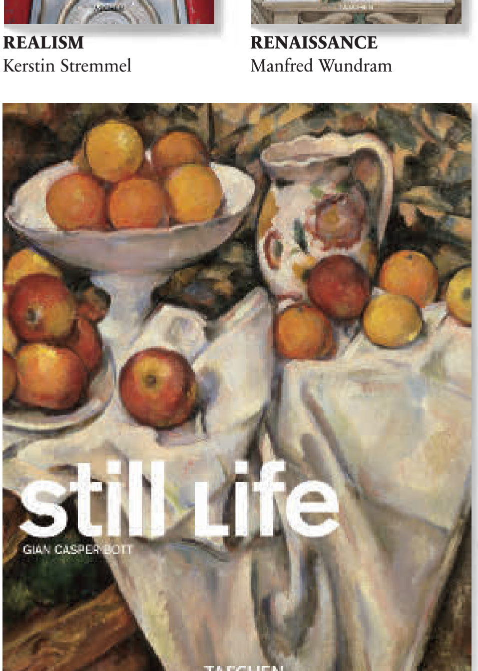
ROMAN ART
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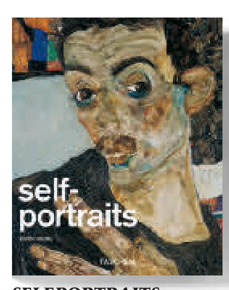


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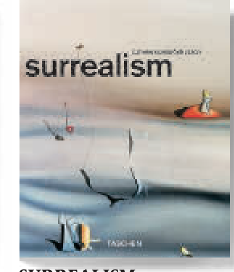
STILL LIFE
Objects frozen in time
Gian Casper Bott / Edited by Norbert Wolf

Setting up a still life may take no more than gathering a few objects on a table, but infusing its depiction with depth, texture, feeling, and even beauty takes great skill. The origins of the still life can be traced back at least to classical antiquity (such wall paintings have been found in the ruins of Pompeii) but the genre's name wasn't coined until the 17th century in Holland, a few centuries after it was re-popularized during the Renaissance. This book explores a stimulating selection of still lifes from the 15th century to the modern day, revealing the historical importance and creative possibilities of this genre.

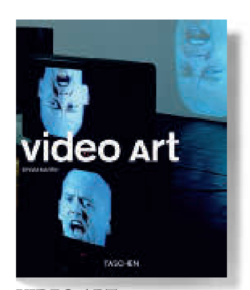
Featured artists include: Meister der Maria von Burgund, Caravaggio, Jan Bruegel the Elder, Rembrandt, Eugène Delacroix, Paul Cézanne, Pablo Picasso, Georges Braque, Henri Matisse, Chaïm Soutine, and Gerhard Richter.



SELF-PORTRAITS
Ernst Rebel



SURREALISM
Cathrin Klingsöhr-Leroy



VIDEO ART
Sylvia Martin

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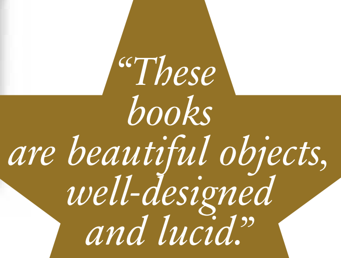


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WEB DESIGN: VIDEO SITES
I want my Internet TV
Edited by Julius Wiedemann

The YouTube phenomenon is just the tip of the iceberg in terms of the presence and importance of video on the web today. With increasing bandwidth speeds come more and more possibilities for the moving image to find its place in every nook and cranny of the web, whether to sell products or entertain or both. This book brings together a number of award-winning campaigns and websites produced for top brands worldwide, demonstrating the connection between the worlds of television and Internet.



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The Internet standard for creative portfolios
Edited by Julius Wiedemann

Following up on the success of *Web Design: Portfolios*, this volume features the Internet’s best examples of artists, design studios, photographers, designers, and corporations that use Flash to showcase their creations. What once existed only in printed form is increasingly being featured online via dynamic, animated Flash-powered sites. *Flashfolios* contains a selection of such websites developed exclusively using Flash, demonstrating the sophistication and range of interactive web design today.



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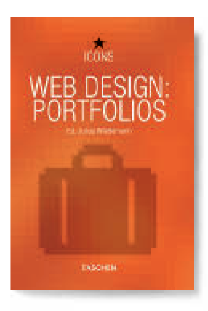
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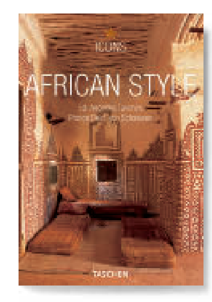
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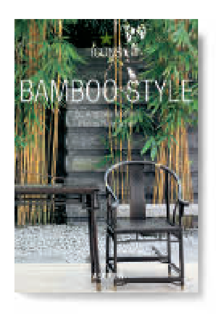
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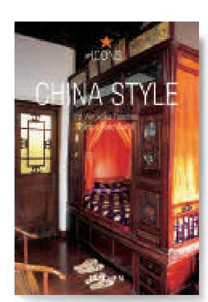
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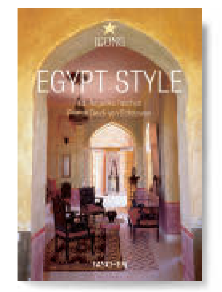
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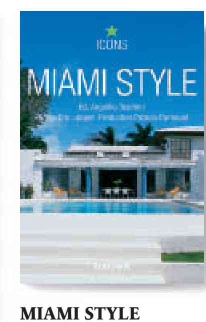
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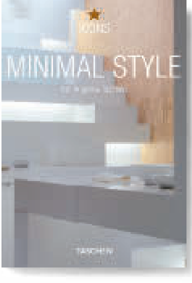




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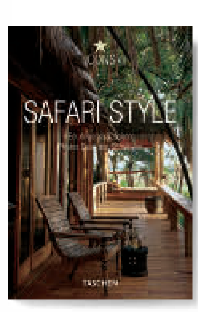




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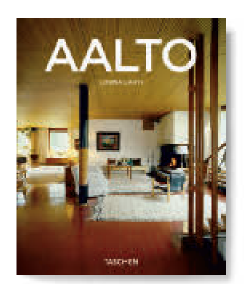
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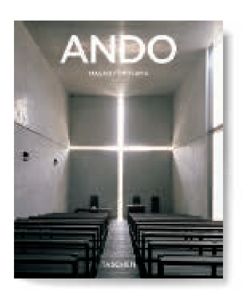
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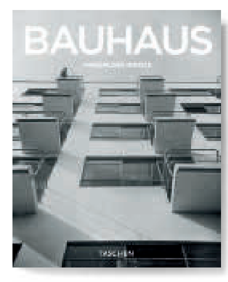
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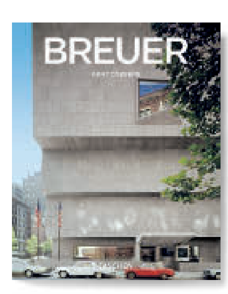
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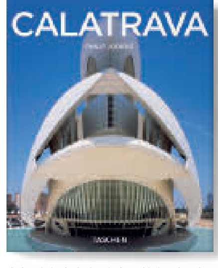
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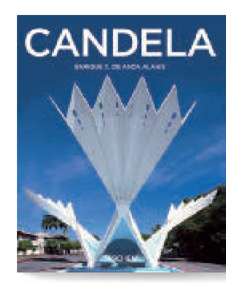
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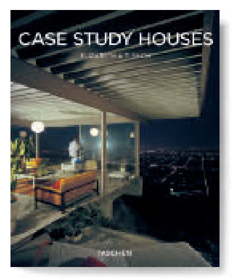
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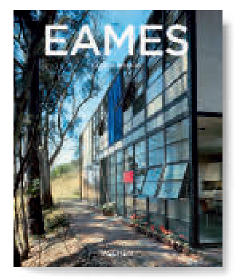
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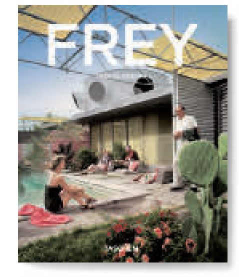
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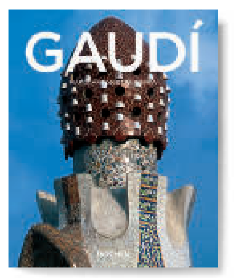
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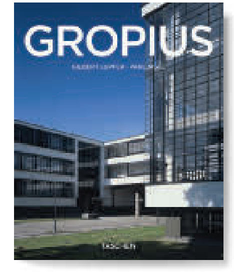
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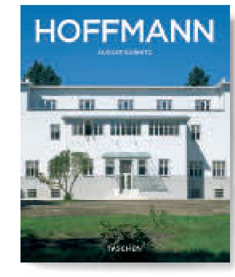
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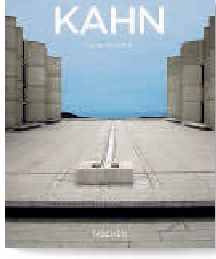
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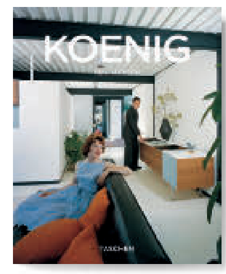
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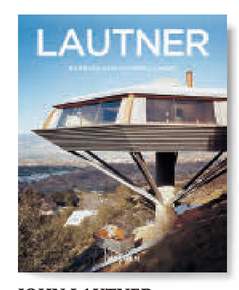
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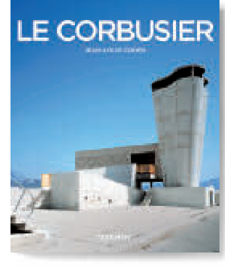
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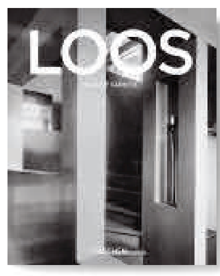
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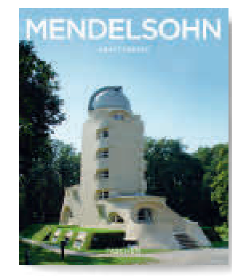
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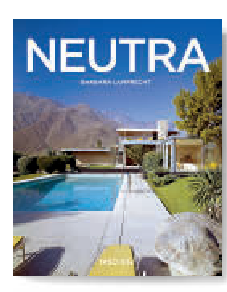
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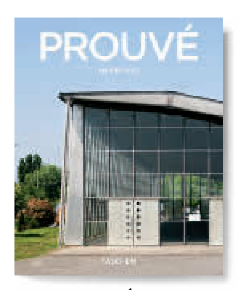
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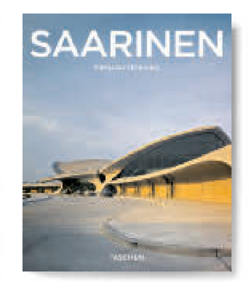
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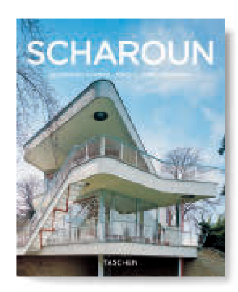
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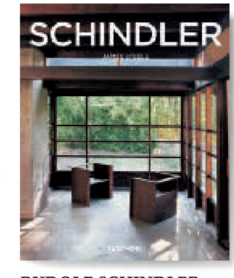
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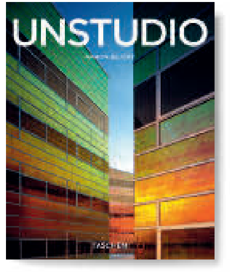
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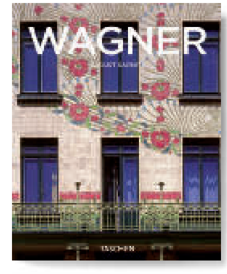
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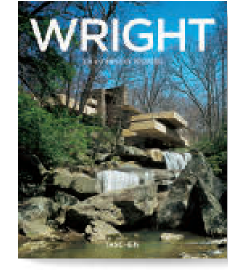
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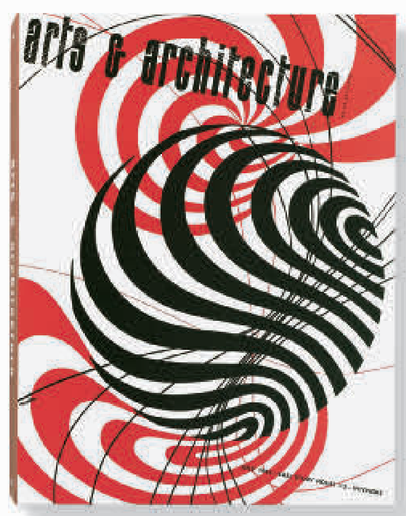
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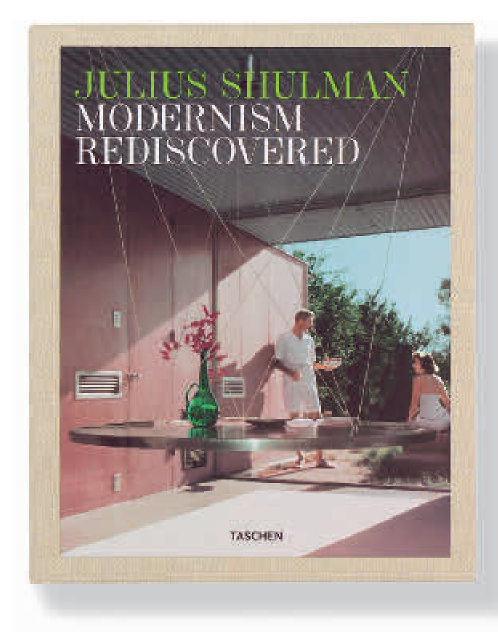
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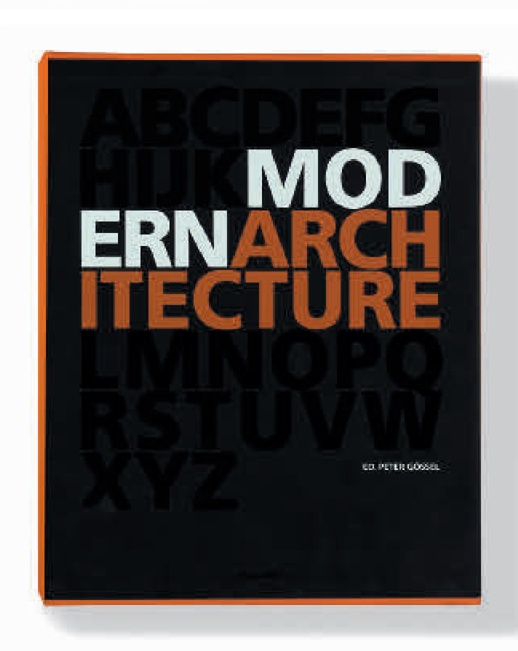
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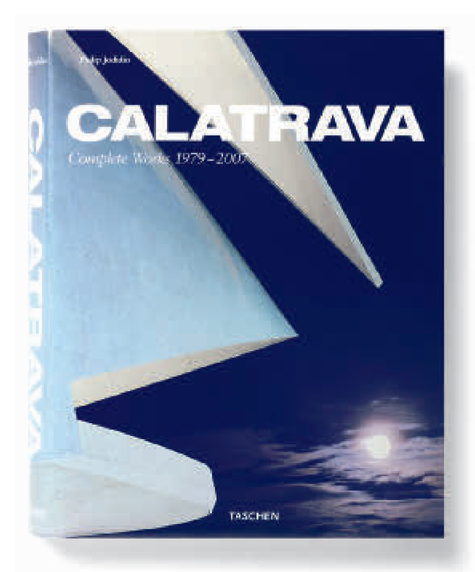


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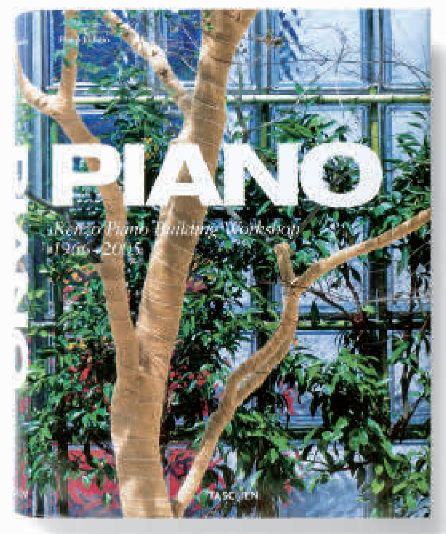
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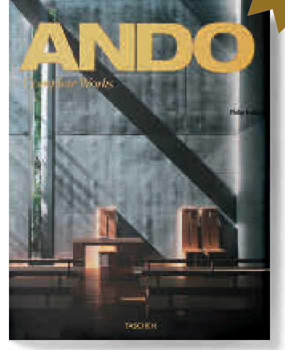


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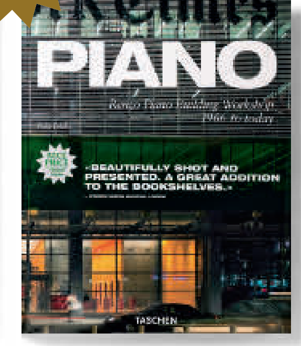
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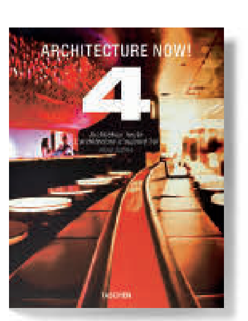


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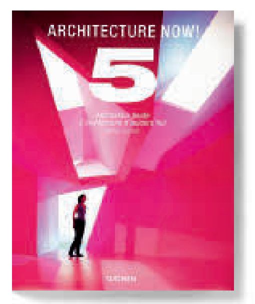
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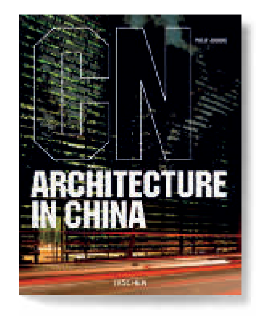
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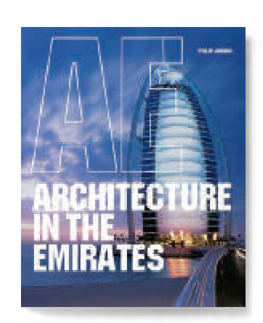
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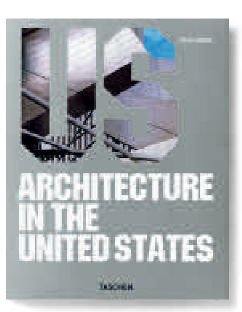
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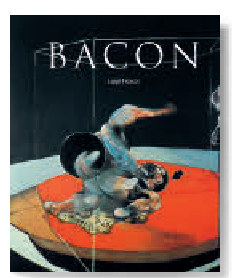
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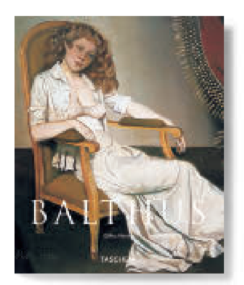
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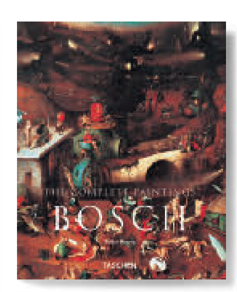
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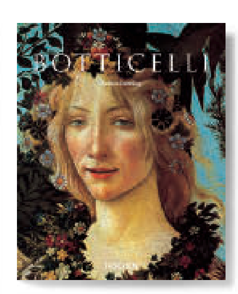
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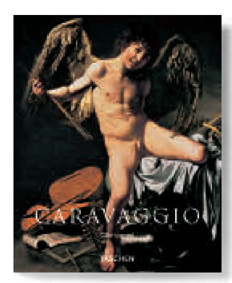
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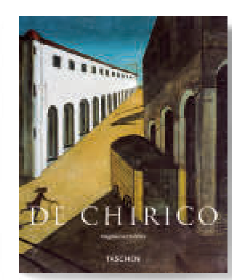
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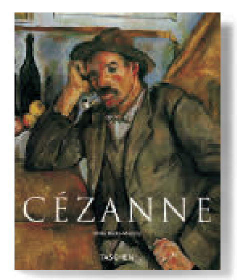
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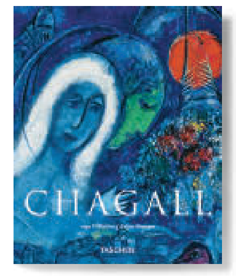
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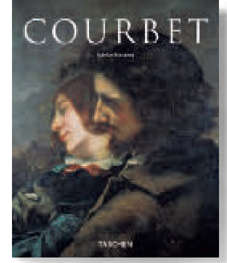
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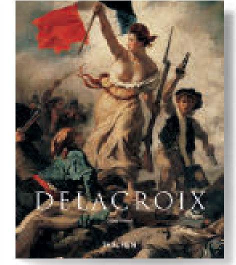
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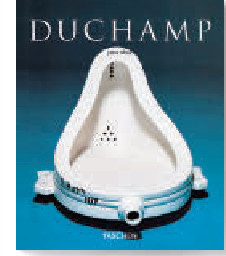
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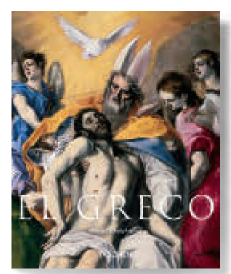
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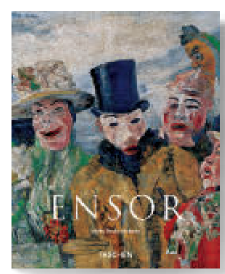
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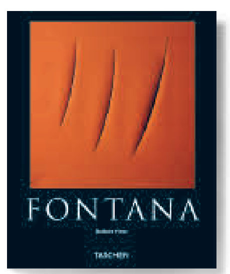
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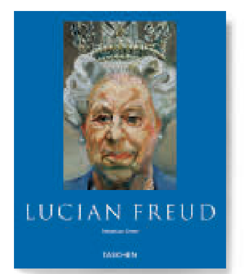
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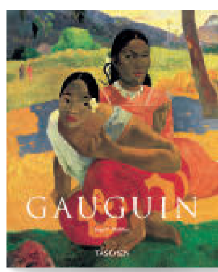
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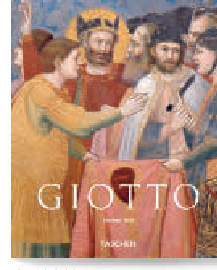
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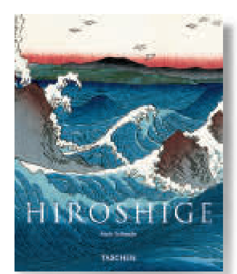
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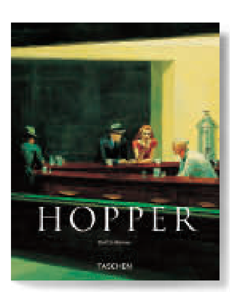
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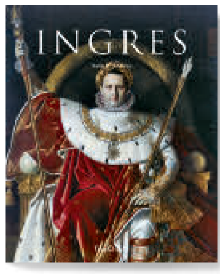
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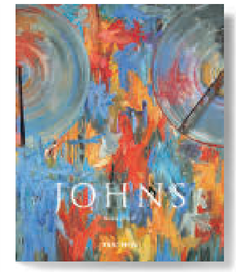
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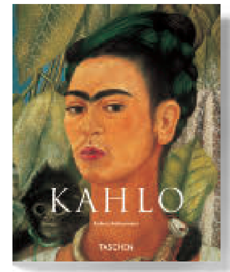
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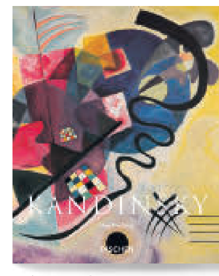
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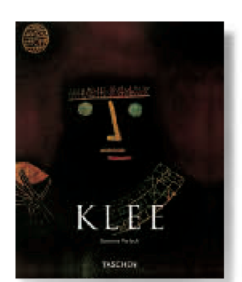
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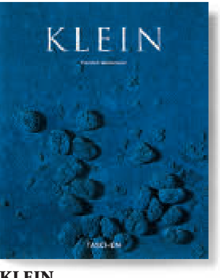
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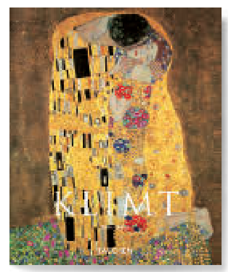
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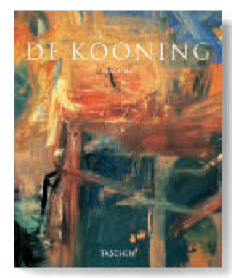
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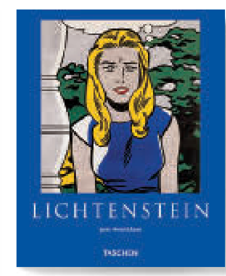
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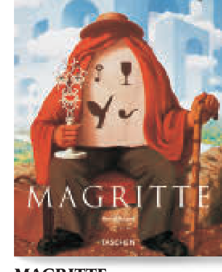
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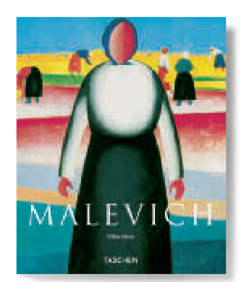


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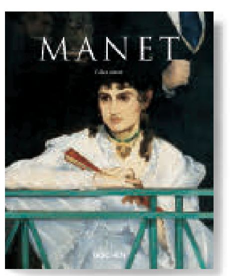
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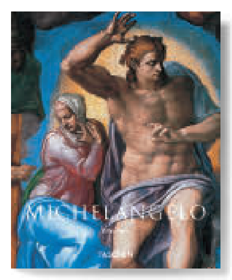
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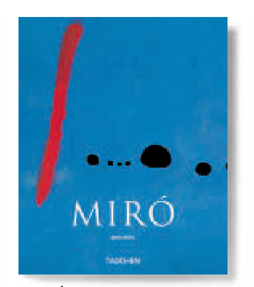
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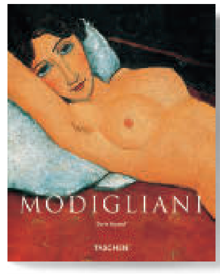
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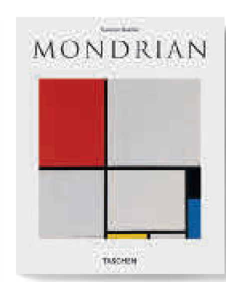
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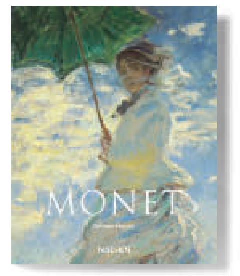
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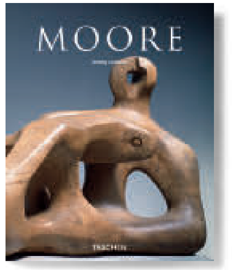
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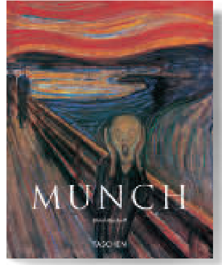
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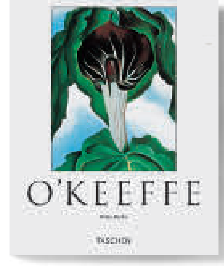
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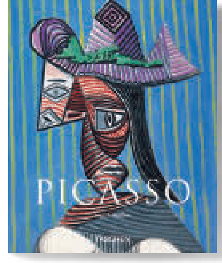
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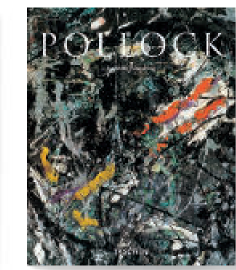
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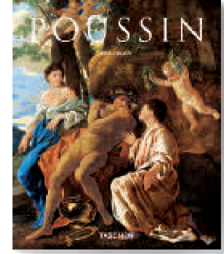
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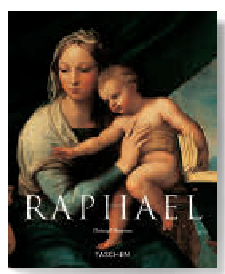
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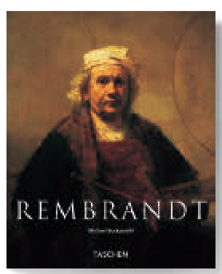
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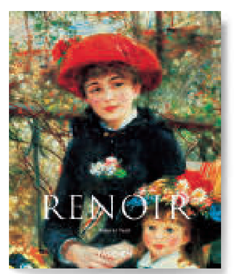
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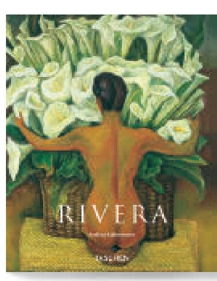
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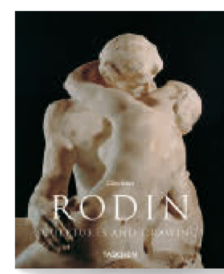
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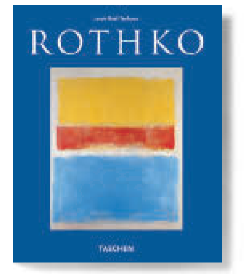
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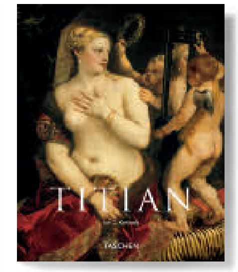
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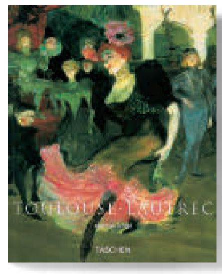
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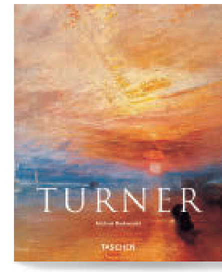
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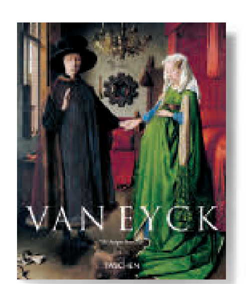
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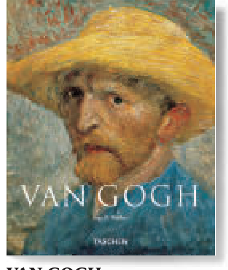
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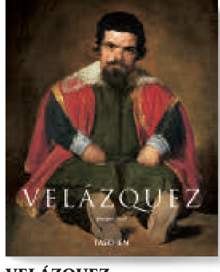
TURNER
Michael Bockemühl



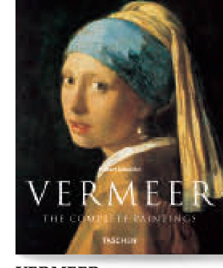
VAN EYCK
Till-Holger Borchert



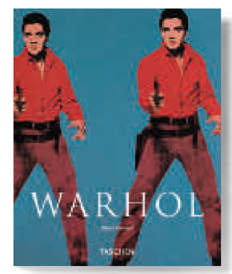
VAN GOGH
Ingo F. Walther



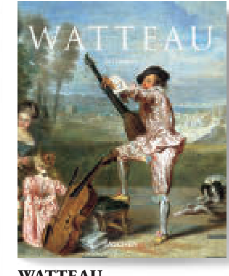
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tures.This volume presents very good value at this price." —THE BOOKSELLER, *London, on* Michelangelo

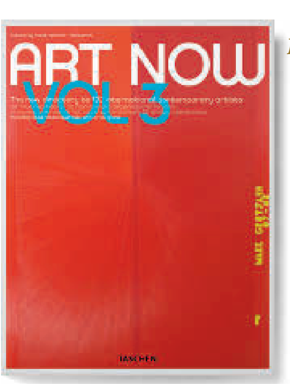


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Photos: Naomi Harris / Interview: Richard Prince / Ed. Dian Hanson /
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Features a 3D silkscreened metal reproduction of a classic American motel sign on the cover and is packaged in a clamshell box.

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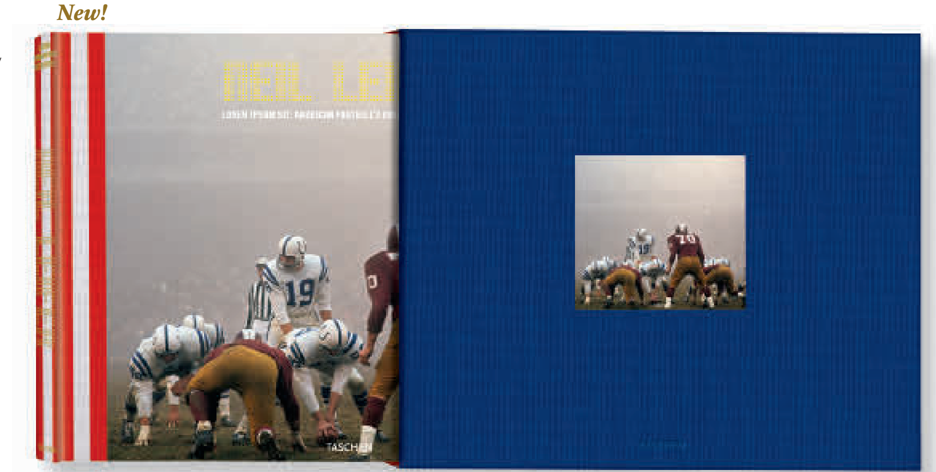
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THE GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL, 1958–1978
Photos: Neil Leifer / Introduction: Jim Murray / Text: Gabriel Schechter /
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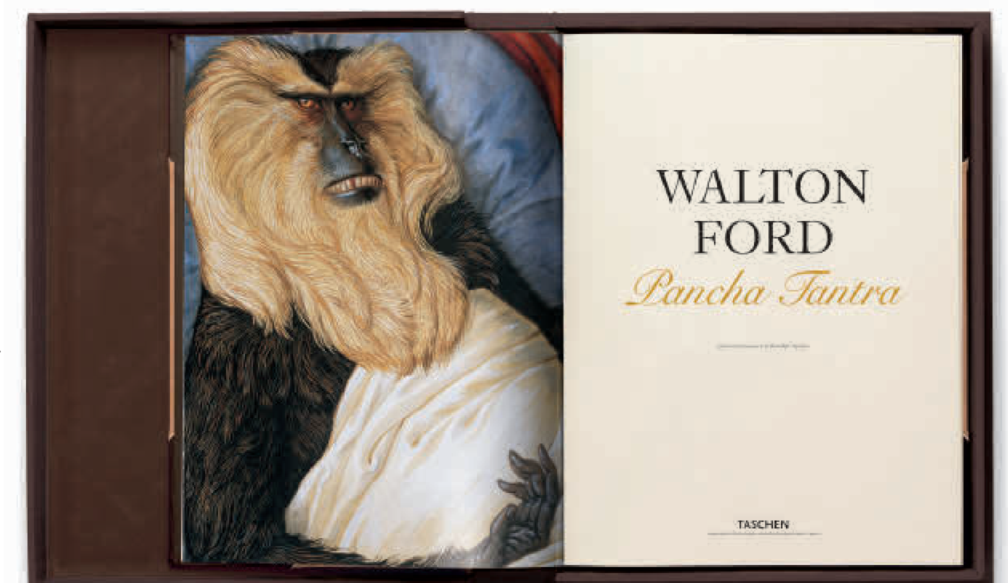
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Introduction: Bill Buford / **XL-format**: 37.5 x 50 cm (14.8 x 19.7 in.), 12 horizontal and 4 vertical fold-outs, 354 pp.

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doors to a world of fantasy, dreams, and nightmares." —FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE, *Miami, on* Walton Ford

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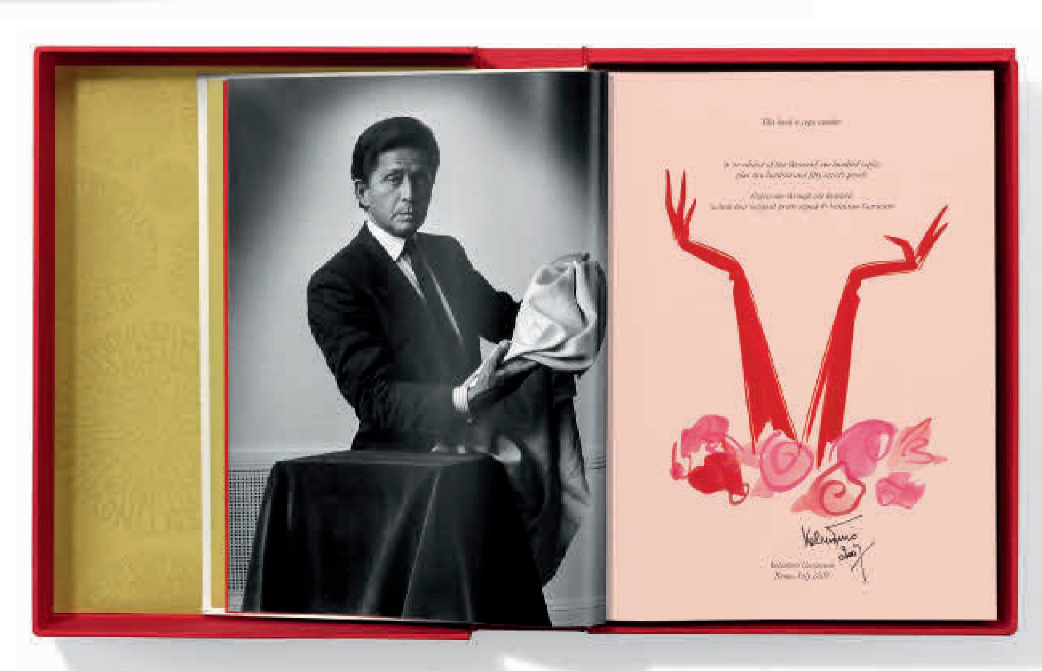
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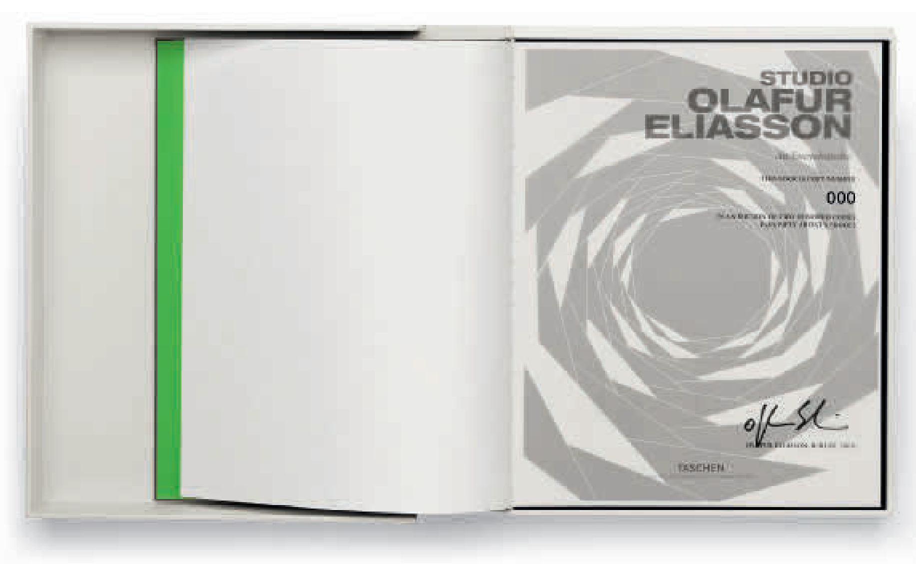
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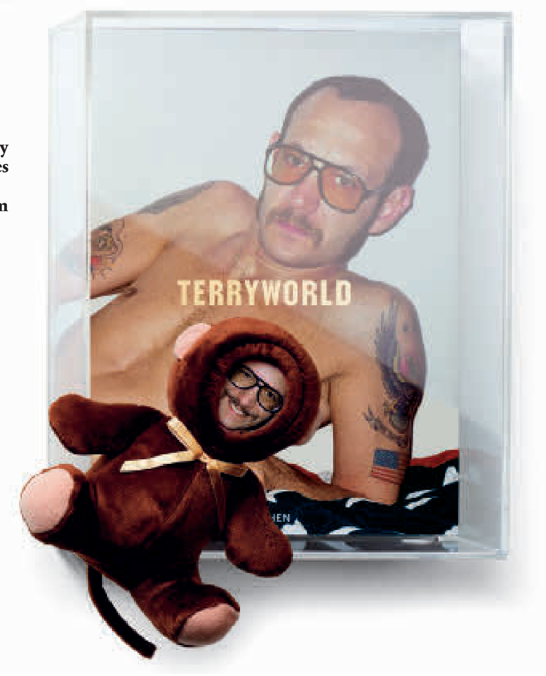
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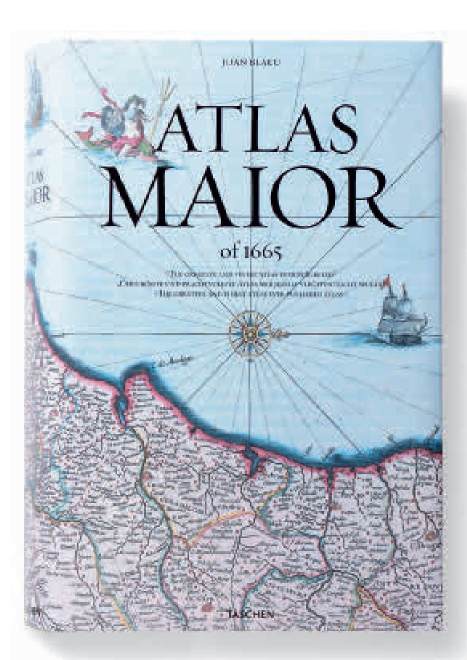
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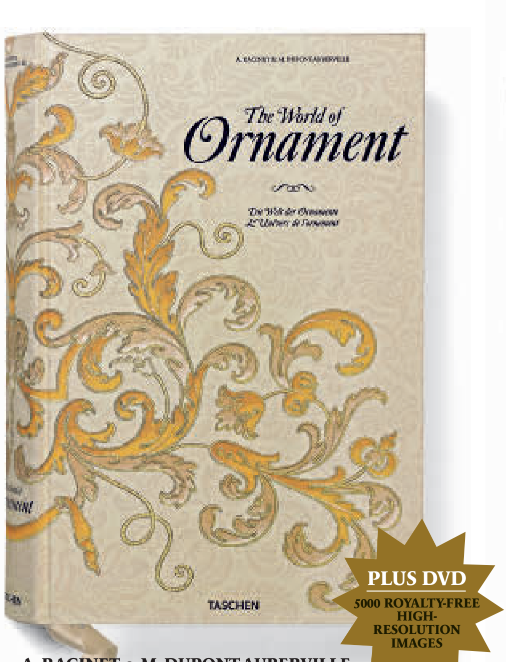


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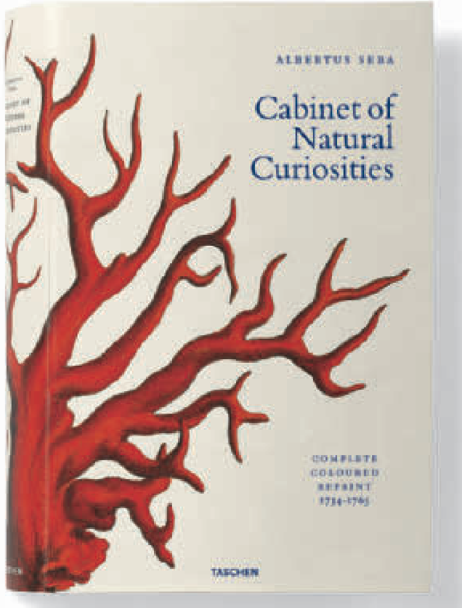
—THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, *New York, on* Seba



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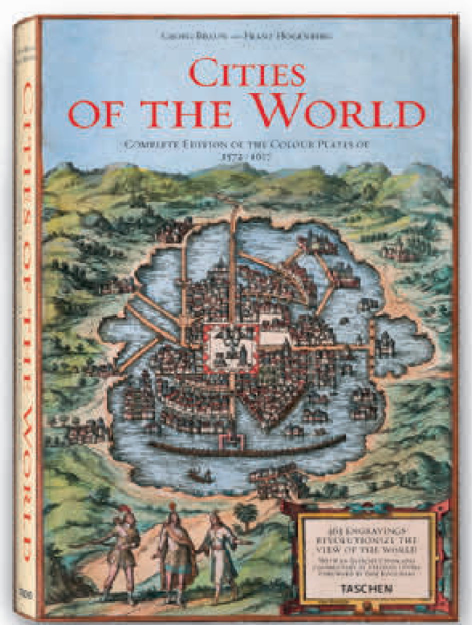


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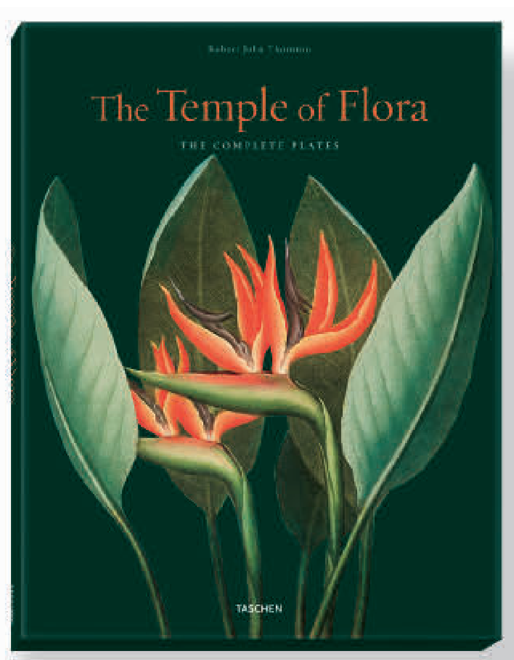
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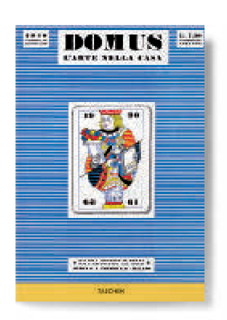




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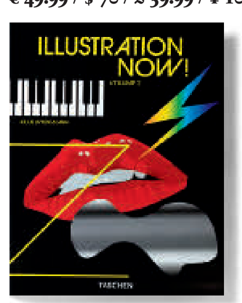
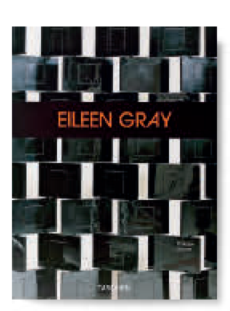


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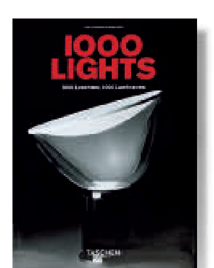
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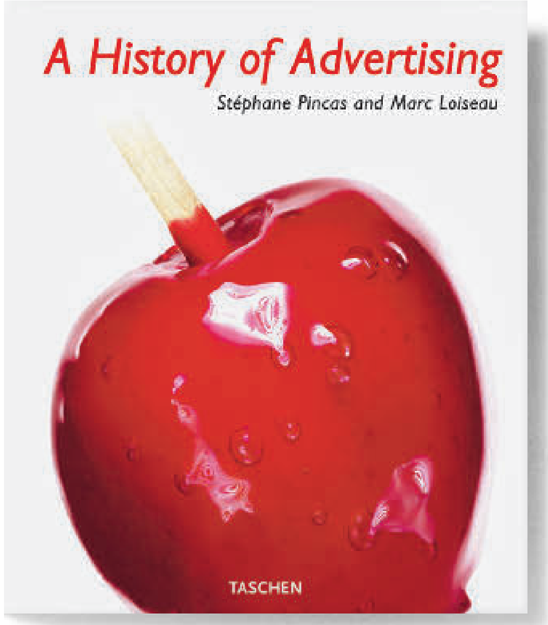
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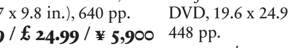
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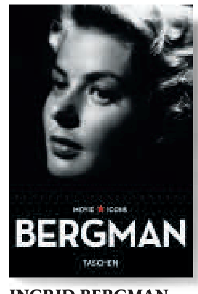
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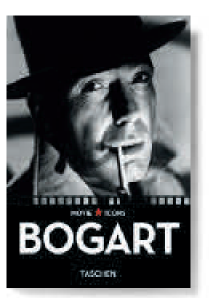
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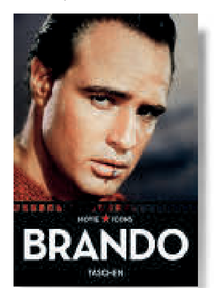
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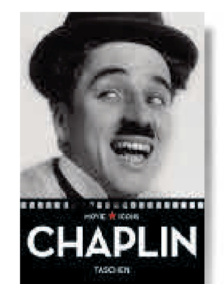
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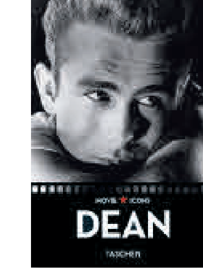
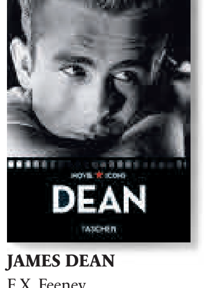
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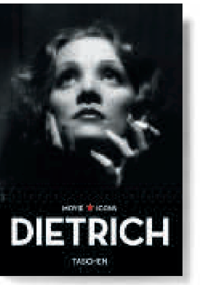
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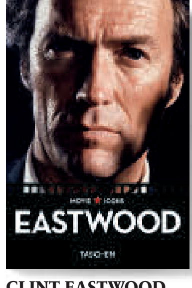
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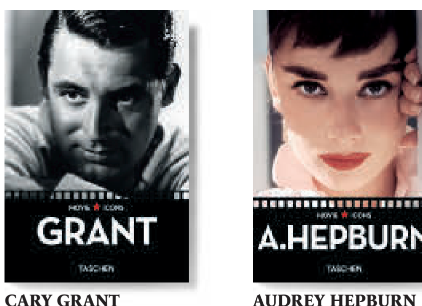
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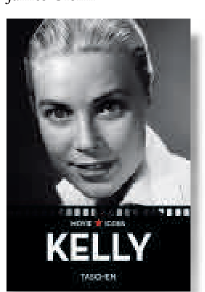


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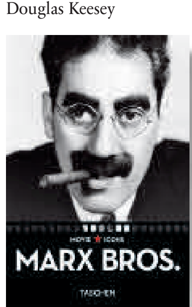
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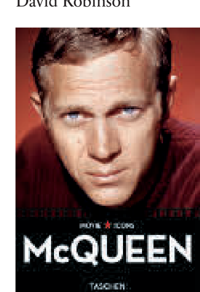

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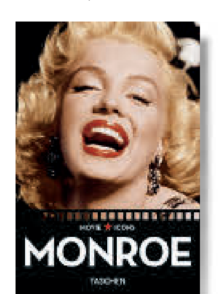
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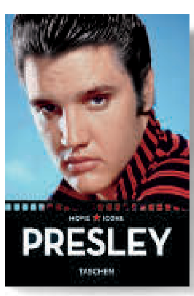
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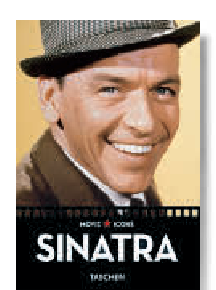
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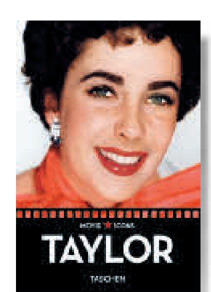
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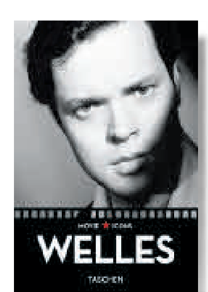
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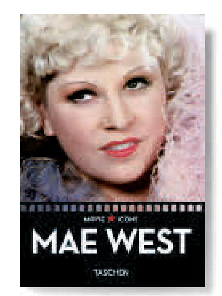
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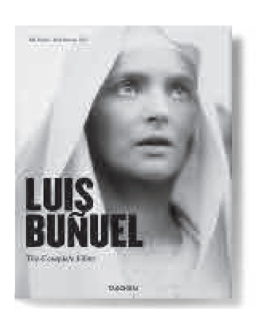


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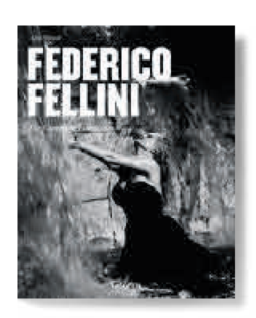
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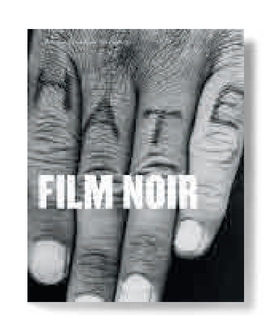
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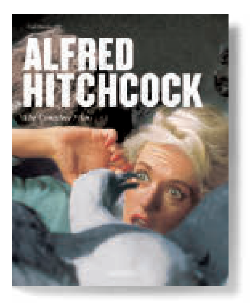
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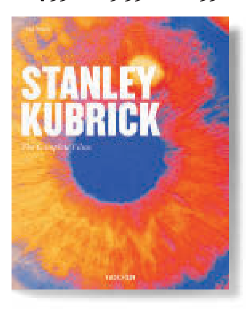
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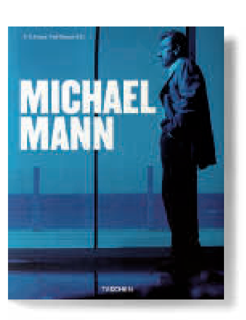
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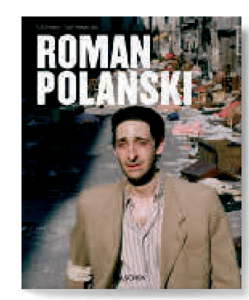
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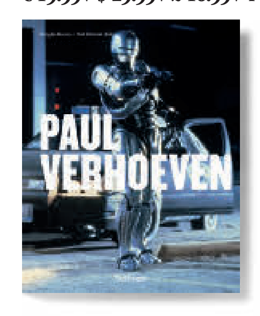
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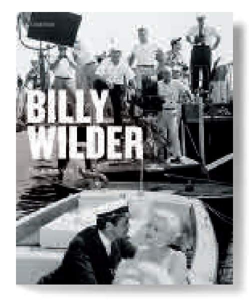
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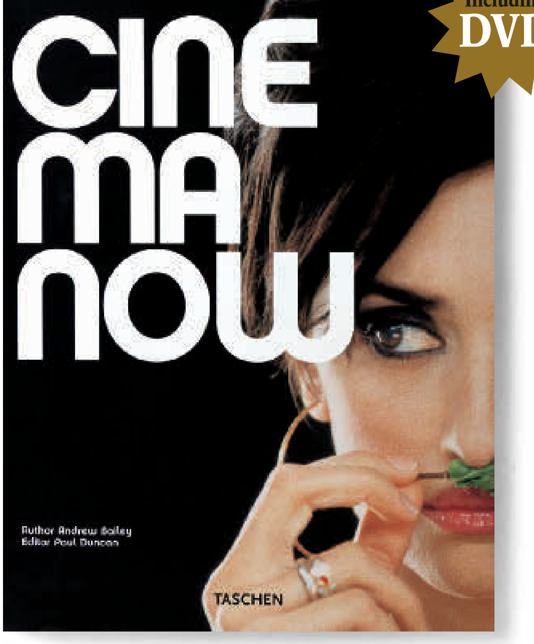
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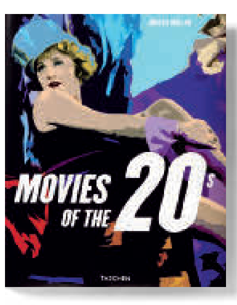


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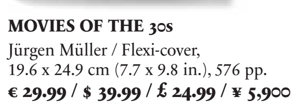


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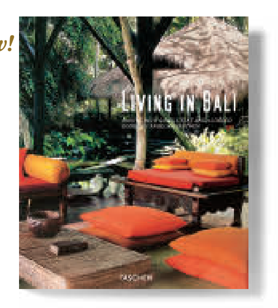
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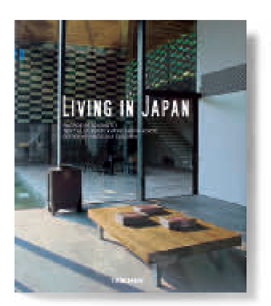
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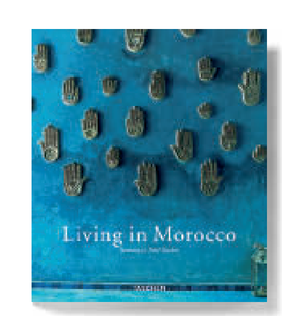
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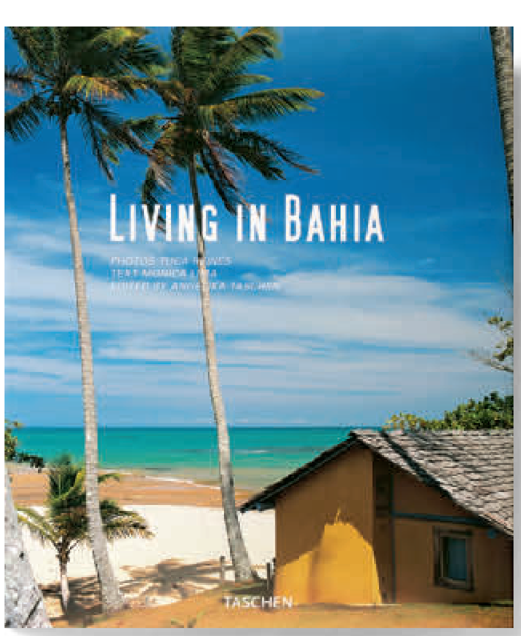
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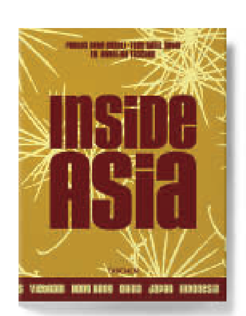
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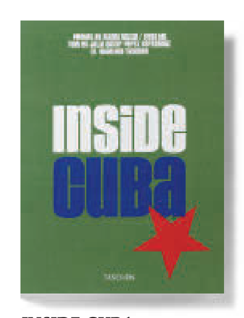
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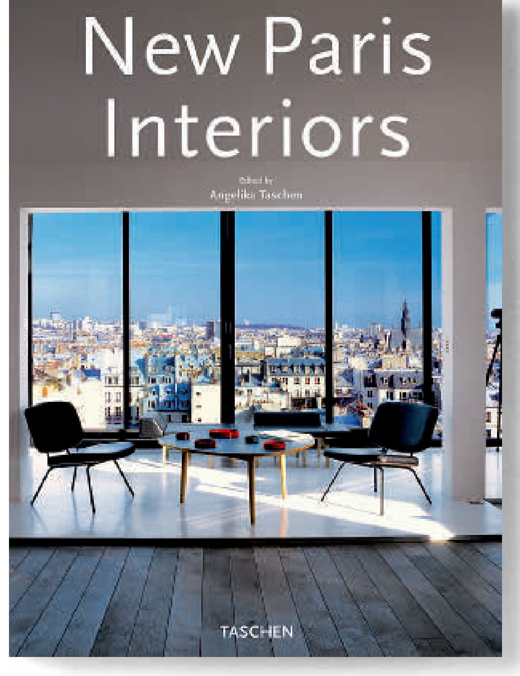
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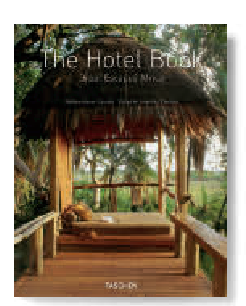


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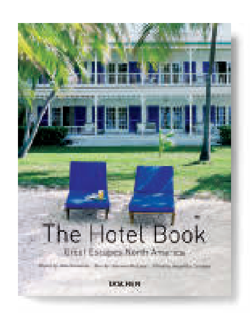


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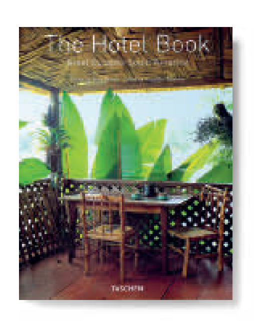
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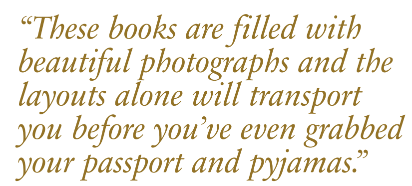
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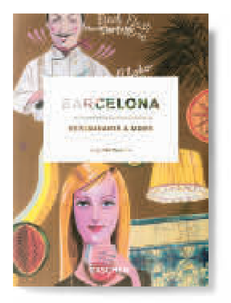


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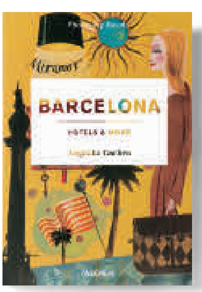
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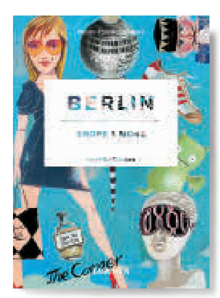
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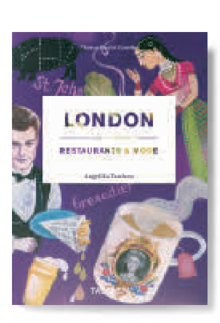
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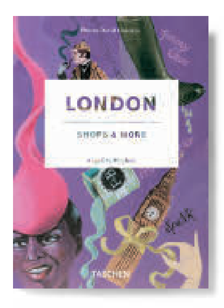
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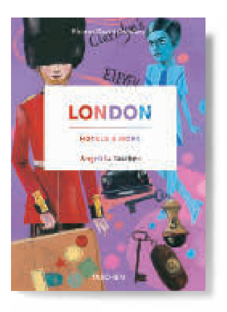
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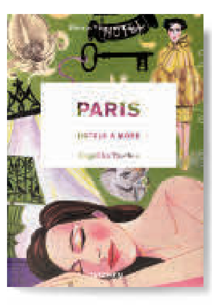


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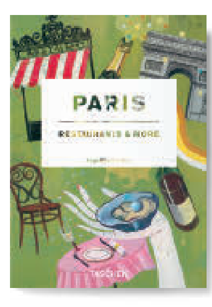
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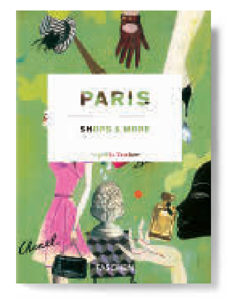
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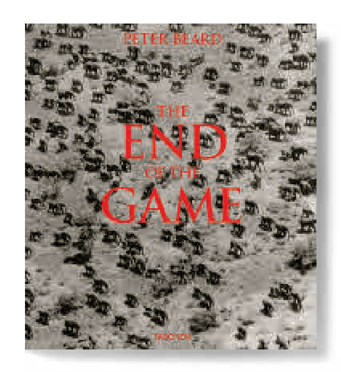


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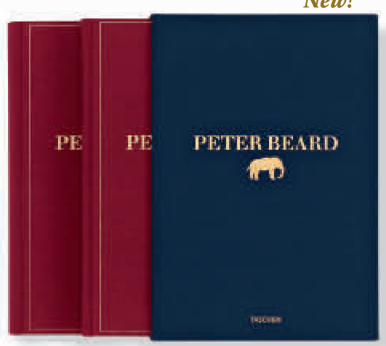
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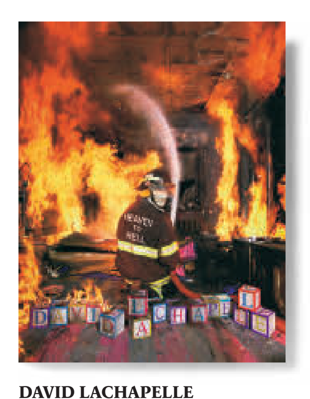


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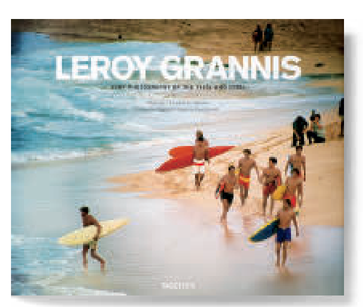


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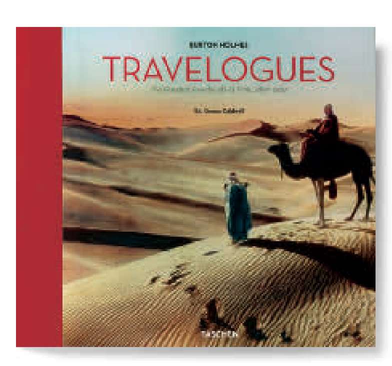


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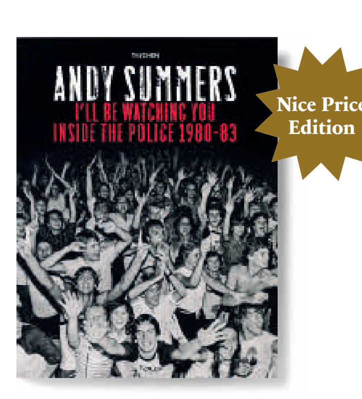
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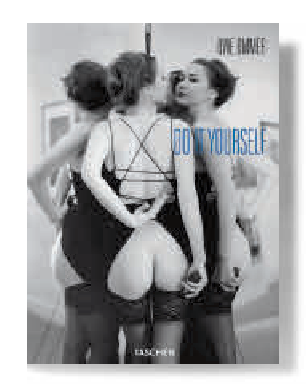
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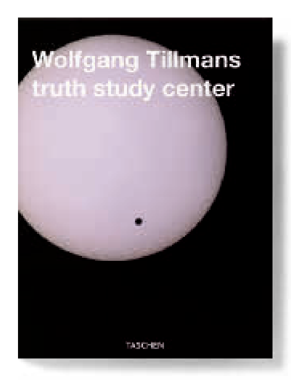
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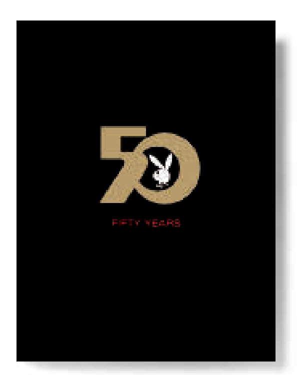


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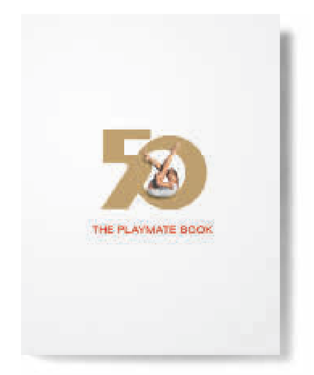


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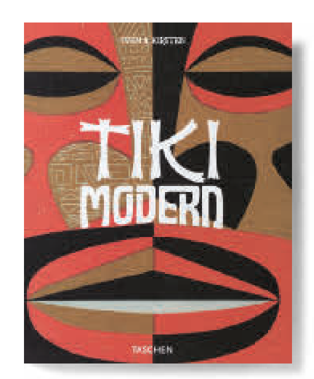
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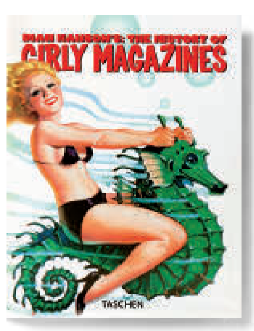


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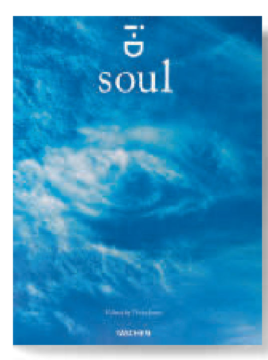
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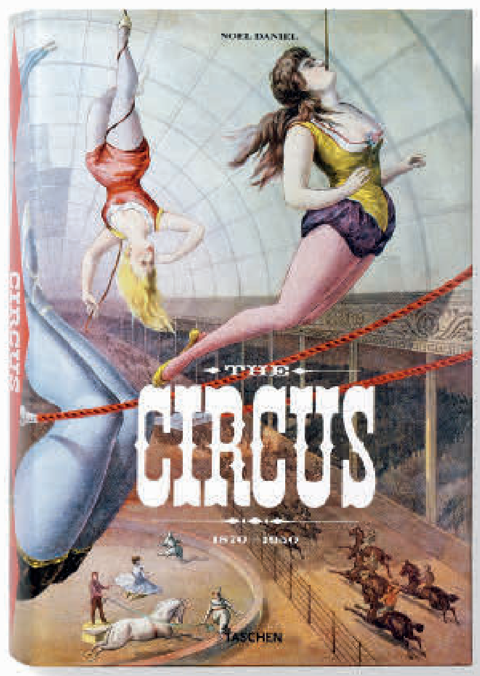
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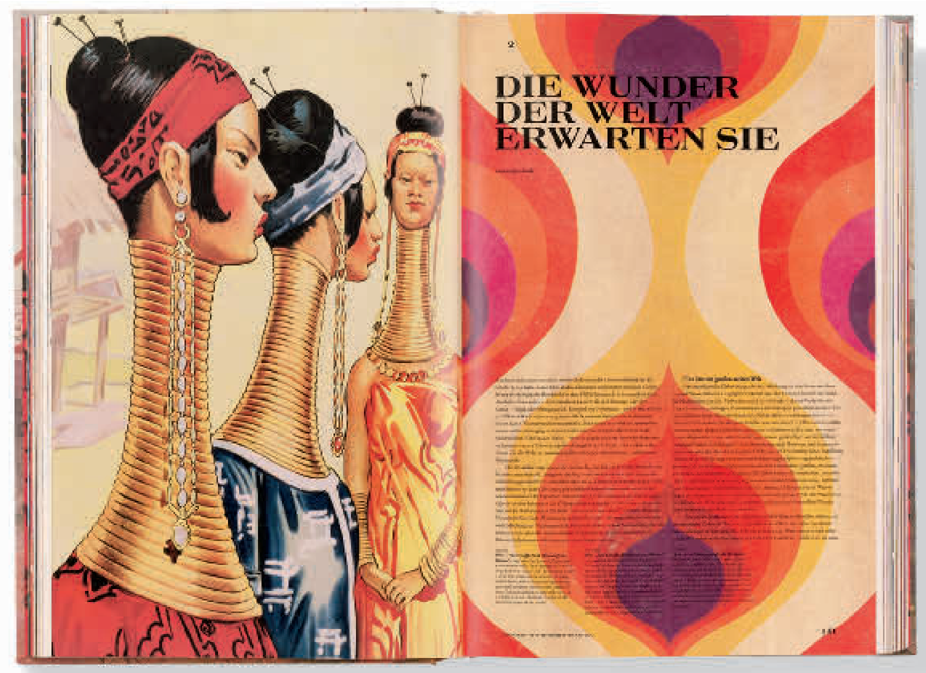


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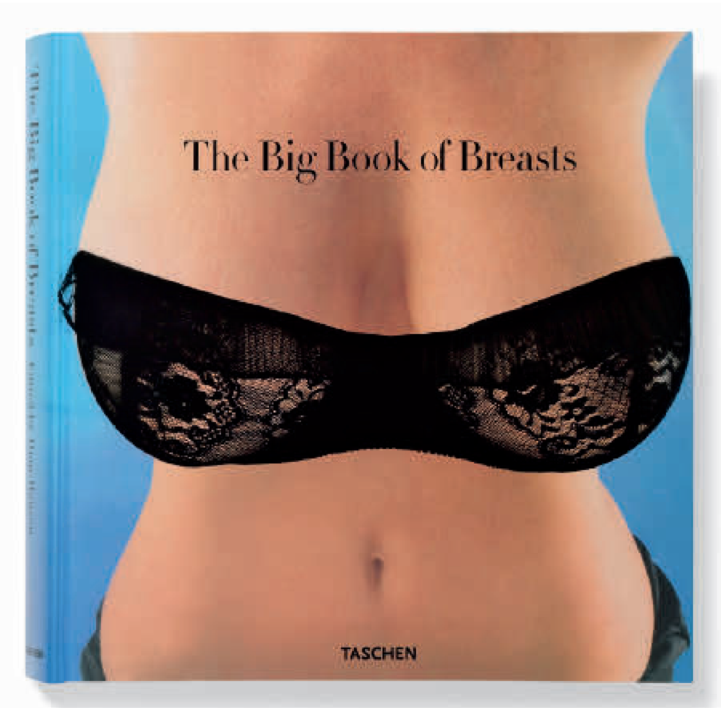
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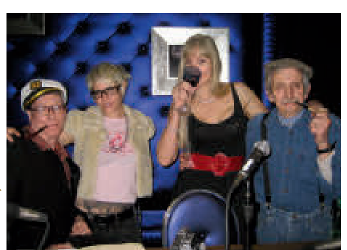
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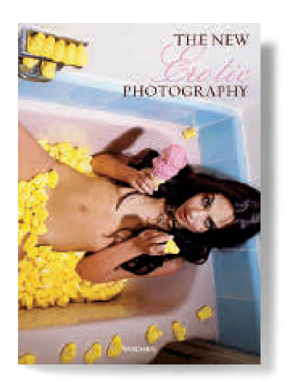
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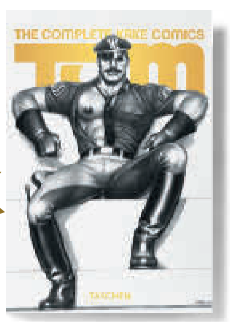


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